

NY Times

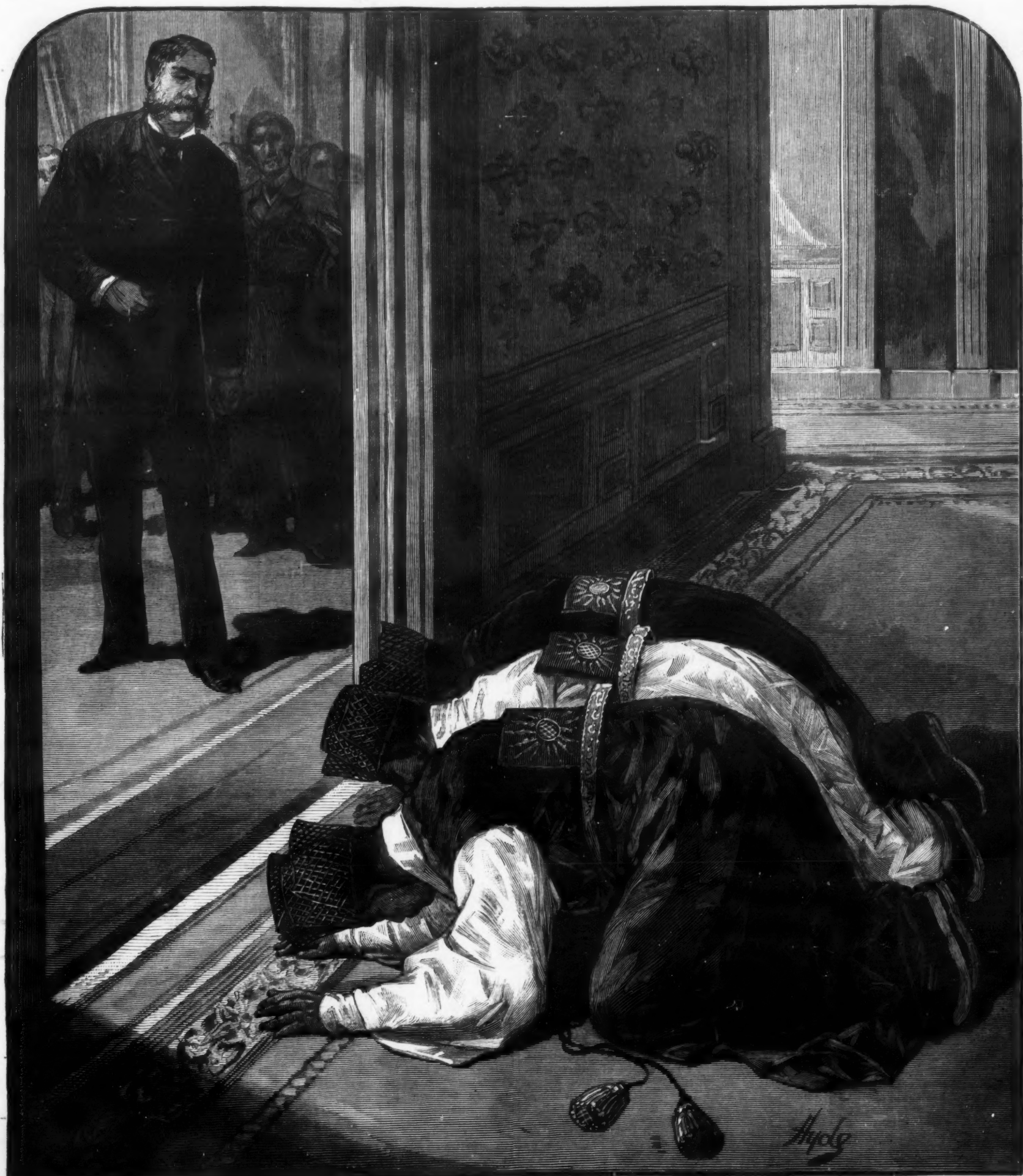
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—OFFICIAL RECEPTION OF THE COREAN AMBASSADORS, BY PRESIDENT ARTHUR, AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, SEPT. 18TH—THE SALAAM OF THE AMBASSADORS.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

89, 95 & 97 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

COMING HOME FROM EUROPE.

IT is natural and fitting that the American, being the product of the blood of many nationalities, should be the greatest traveler on earth excepting the Jew, who, though a virile and masterful personage, is "a man without a country." The most successful rival of the American, among those tourists who are recalled to their home by ties of patriotism, is the German, who, since he learned to travel so agreeably and profitably in France, has extended his roving to all the other lands of the earth. The Englishman is a careful observer, but there are fewer English on the Continent of Europe any Summer than there are of citizens of the United States, though the Americans have to go ten times as far. The French are narrow in their views and provincial in their habits, seldom learning any language other than their own, or crossing the boundaries of their country. Victor Hugo, though living fifteen years in England, does not know ten words of English; and a correspondent tells of a lady of France who boasted that she had taken "the grand voyage," when she had merely been over to London. Americans are the great ransackers of the planet.

Every steamer that lands in New York city from Europe at this season brings back large numbers of our countrymen who have spent the Summer sight-seeing in the historic capitals of the Old World. It is estimated that these aggregate 60,000, which, if a small fraction of those Americans who are financially able to travel, is at least as great a number as all the other tourists of the world who spend their Summer vacation across an ocean. This annual movement suggests some important considerations and conclusions:

I. Thousands go to Europe every Summer who ought to stay at home. We do not mean "those who have not seen their own country," for a person who has not visited the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite, or the Garden of the Gods, or even the Mississippi Valley, or Niagara, may with perfect propriety visit Europe first, if that be his preference; there is no sound reason why a tourist should go West instead of East. But myriads go to Europe who have not informed themselves concerning the countries in which they are about to travel; who are too ignorant to get the benefit of what they see; who are neither students of art nor amateurs in music, and whose knowledge of history is insufficient to appreciate the difference between Paris and Venice, Rome and Geneva. To such persons travel is a mere mocking vexation; they stride from cathedral to cathedral, and from gallery to gallery, disgusted and exasperated at their own folly, but determined to answer the requirements of fashion by "seeing Europe." It would be a melancholy revelation to know just how many of our travelers abroad are of this class.

II. Some travelers spend too much worry and time in trying to reform Europe. Instead of accepting the conditions and customs that prevail in those lands, they insist on having things as they have had them at home. They think it sensible and business-like, and, perhaps, patriotic, to protest against the petty charges for candles, soap and ice; to insist on having a bill in gross; to refuse to "tip" the porter and chambermaid; and, in various ways, to uproot the hotel system of the effete despotisms of the Old World and plant the great American idea. Of course it does not pay. It costs money, as well as wear and tear of nerve. "It is very small potatoes," said a Yankee, playing billiards at the great hotel at Interlaken, "to charge me for candles," and he deliberately chalked his cue and took another shot, making no comment on the equally singular fact that the billiard-table was used by all the guests of the house without any charge. Those who travel for pleasure should conform, and should not have an ambition to wipe out national customs and change the face of the globe.

III. Americans pay about one-third more than any other people for the same comforts and luxuries abroad. There is a maxim in Europe that "only princes, fools and Americans travel in first-class cars," and it comes unpleasantly near being true. In most European countries the second-class cars are the same as the first-class except that they are upholstered with rep cloth instead of mohair plush, and they are more comfortable than first-class cars on average American roads. As first-class tickets there cost about one half more than second-class, only one passenger in a hundred ever buys one, and he is an American; the wealthy people of England, France and Germany going almost uniformly second-class. Moreover, a European, stopping at a hotel, says to the manager who meets

him at the door, "Show me a five franc room"—or a six or ten-franc room—whereas the reckless American, with the home habit strong upon him, says, "Show me up to the best room in the house," and is charged accordingly. What wonder that all Americans are regarded as millionaires in France and as lunatics in Italy!

POLITICS IN THREE STATES.

IN nominating Congressman George D. Robinson as their candidate for Governor, the Massachusetts Republicans have given the strongest possible evidence of their appreciation of the gravity of the existing crisis in the political history of their State, and of their determination to avert the disaster of a continuance of the Butler régime. Mr. Robinson is in every sense a representative of the best type of Massachusetts character and intelligence; he has filled with conspicuous credit every public position to which he has been called; and the tone of his speech of acceptance justifies the confident belief that, as Executive of the State, he would achieve fresh distinction as a wise, upright and courageous public servant. "The advanced sentiment of the day," he said, "will not be satisfied with anything less than honest, consistent and thorough devotion to public welfare, to the absolute destruction of personal politics, to the furtherance of every measure that is born of sincere reform, and for the security of the highest liberty and right and privilege equal before the law to every citizen." There ought to be no doubt at all as to the result of a contest between a candidate holding these views and the man who represents the worst forms and the most vicious methods of American politics.

In New Jersey the Republicans have also placed themselves abreast of the demand of the times for candidates of the highest order by nominating Judge Jonathan Dixon, Jr., of the Supreme Court, for the office of Governor. Judge Dixon is regarded as the ablest jurist of the State, and is withal a man of exceptional independence of character and conspicuous purity of life. The nomination came to him unsolicited, and he accepted, it is stated, only in obedience to the highest sense of public duty.

In Maryland the "Ring" Democracy have carried their point in the nomination of a ticket opposed to all the measures of reform so vigorously demanded by Governor Hamilton and his following, and if this ticket shall succeed, all hope of securing decency and integrity in the State and municipal administrations for a year or two to come may as well be abandoned. But, ultimately, the victory will assuredly rest with the cause of reform. The dissenting delegate whom the "Ring" majority attempted to drive out of the Convention, was right when, bravely standing his ground, he said: "Hiss if you will, but I am telling you the plain truth when I say that if the Democratic Party continues in her present course in Maryland, she will be wrecked beyond recovery."

The dominant purpose and most imperative demand of the hour is for purity, honesty, intelligence and the recognition of the popular will in political and governmental methods, and the party which arrays itself in opposition to this purpose and this demand will, sooner or later, be ground to powder.

ULTRA-REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART.

MR. HOWELLS, the well-known American author, has expressed the opinion that all the stories possible have been written, and that nothing now remains for future authors but naturalism, analysis and description. It is not likely that Mr. Howells was serious in expressing this opinion, but it is nevertheless a fact that authors nowadays find it a matter of real difficulty to originate anything fresh, either in plot or incident. Almost every variety of circumstance and intricacy of plot have become well-nigh exhausted, and hereafter, a story to be original in design, as well as in execution, must allow of great divergences from dramatic construction, become more epistolical in character, and, contrary to all recognized canons, please less by the elaboration of the plot than by the talent displayed in describing circumstances. If such a change in the construction of the novel were to take place, it would be a matter of sincere regret to the young, as well as to those more mature readers who turn to fiction as a relief from more serious work, and to whom scraps of scientific instruction or microscopic views of nature would but illly compensate for the absence of that romantic charm so pleasing to both young and old.

For some time past such ultra-realisms have been apparent in works of fiction by even leading writers, and in devotion to naturalness artistic beauty has been lost and interest diminished. Cowper and Burns taught writers to go to nature, and showed them that the elements of beauty and poetry lay all around them. It was a needed reform; but the impulse has sent the realists

of the present day too far, and in the rage for analysis and scientific exposition, a philosophical generalization is lost, and the main object of the story, which is to please rather than instruct, is overshadowed by a moral purpose or didactic teaching. Describing the granulations of a pebble, the form and texture of a leaf, or the structure of a butterfly, are all proper enough in works of geology, botany or entomology, but are surely entirely out of place in a novel. This tendency towards microscopic observation has finally led to the abuse that naturalism was intended to remove. Such attention to minute details become highly artificial, and, in a sense, untrue to nature, which appeals to the sympathies of the beholder rather by general characteristics than by the heightening of any special feature. Those writers who have succeeded best in giving pleasing descriptions of scenery, have done so, not by displaying a minute faculty of observation, but rather by describing nature in its general aspects, as it strikes the observer. Even such a great writer as Dickens errs in this respect most glaringly, and offends good taste quite as much as he outrages art in the prominence given to mean details and trivial commonplaces.

In the domain of art proper the same objectionable tendency is observable, as the ultra-realism of the English and German schools of painting makes evident. Though there is not yet a distinctively national American school of painting, the same influences are at work here as are marring the works of the best artists in England. The minute transcript of nature has been carried to the utmost verge of excess, and the sense of beauty and a dominating conception is sacrificed to a delicate perception of inconsequent features which are made to subordinate the parts of which they are merely the accessories. Even the old masters offended in this respect, and in many of their human figures muscles are thrown into conspicuous relief when no action demanded such a tension. As anatomical studies they are well enough, and, like the grapes of Zeuxis, deserve all the praise that may be awarded to patient assiduity and attentive study. Painting is only, in its initial stages, a purely imaginative art, and he who would paint for fame and posterity must convey much that the eye cannot see, and which becomes conspicuous alone to the inner sense of beauty. It is possible for an active fancy to recreate, in mental perspective, the hues of yesterday's rainbow, or the haze and glory of an Autumn sunset; but it requires the hand of a master to reproduce to us those vision reminiscences, and to stamp upon the canvas scenes limned upon the fancy with colors derived directly from nature. This genius accomplishes, not by servile copying, but through an inspiration and a sympathy by which alone the artist can hope to rise equal to the majesty of nature.

M. Taine, in speaking of an English author, remarks: "He will be lost, like the painters of his country, in the minute and impassioned observation of small things; he will have no love of beautiful forms and fine colors."

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS AS ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRIMARILY, the object of agricultural fairs, both State and County, was an exposition of the best products of the soil in grains, vegetables, flowers and fruits, together with the most desirable examples of high breeding in horses, cattle, sheep, swine and fowls. Along with these naturally came dairy products, and the thousand and one articles of use and ornament, the result of home industries, or for the use of the farmer and his family. Labor-saving machinery and improved implements also came in for a share of attention; but the relations of these to the "show" of earlier days, as compared with their relations to the fair of the present time, are very suggestive of the camel in the fable. This camel aforesaid, be it remembered, came to an Arab on the desert and begged that it might be allowed to shelter its nose in the Arab's tent. This the humpbacked, four-legged tramp was allowed to do. The nose was followed by the head, the head by the forelegs, the forelegs by the entire animal, which finally lay down comfortably, monopolizing the entire shelter. As a mere incident of this legendary case of monopoly, it may be mentioned that the kind-hearted Arab himself was crushed to death.

A visit to the Annual New York State Fair, recently held in the wide-awake City of Rochester, has strongly emphasized the analogy between the manufacturers of agricultural implements and the camel; and what was true of the fair held in the Flower City—deservedly so-called on account of its numerous and well-conducted nurseries—is equally true of a majority of other fairs held throughout these United States. At Rochester there was a good display of horses, and an excellent display of full-blooded cattle of favorite breeds; but in a dozen other departments in which the vast out-of-door resources of the Em-

pire State are unsurpassed, the exhibit was meagre, unsatisfactory and inconsequent to the last degree. But there was a vast area filled with farm implements and machinery of all sorts, sizes and kinds, which constituted the feature—predominant and self-assertive—of the exhibition. In addition to these there was a display of stoves and heating apparatus in such variety as to lead one to wonder if the State Agricultural Society was not directly interested in the development of some enormous coal-field. Besides the implements and stoves, one was beset on every hand with sample cakes of yeast, of rival brands, sample soaps, and other alluring artifices of the same sort, until the visitor was impressed with the fact that the fair was one vast advertisement for divers and sundry enterprising folk who, in the expressive vernacular of the street, were "working it for all it was worth."

In saying this we would not for an instant be understood to inveigh against the proper exhibition and competitive display of farm implements and machinery, on their merits, as a legitimate and vastly important part of an agricultural fair; but we do object, and most decidedly, to turning such fairs into colossal advertising mediums for the sole benefit of enterprising manufacturers, and to the exclusion of other larger and legitimate objects of such expositions. These implements are but the means to an end, and the larger space and the larger interest should be devoted to the practical results of the labors of the farmer, gardener and fruit-grower.

There are some honorable and noteworthy exceptions to the general degeneracy of the fairs of the present time, and all the more noteworthy for having stood out against the substantial allurements with which wealthy manufacturers are accustomed to work their pleasure with societies and committees of award. Among such exceptions is the State Fair of New Jersey: that for this season having but recently closed in Waverly, at which there was more to commend and less to criticize unfavorably in management and exhibits—in which the integrity of the avowed objects were more nearly preserved—than in any similar exhibition which has been brought under our observation.

It was Washington who said: "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful, and the noblest, employment of man." In these days, when ingenuity exhausts itself in devising new methods of advertising, it is not astonishing that expositions of the achievements of this "noblest employment" should be harnessed to the chariot-wheels of the Yankee with something to sell. But the degradation is none the less pitiable than the defacing of nature's grandest mountain-peaks with the names of nostrums and quack remedies.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE negotiations between France and China for a settlement of the Tonquin dispute have not yet reached any conclusion, and the latest dispatches from Peking represent that the French proposals are not acceptable to the Chinese Government. It is said that Prime Minister Ferry has forwarded a request for English mediation in case the pending negotiations fail to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, and that Earl Granville, the English Foreign Secretary, is inclined to accede to the request. Meanwhile, disagreements have arisen between the French military and civil authorities in Tonquin, and Dr. Harmand, the Civil Commissioner, has virtually removed General Bouet, the military commander, who is returning to France. This action is attributed to the General's rejection of Harmand's advice to resume hostilities without waiting for reinforcements. To make matters worse, it is reported that the French have suffered another check in Tonquin, their Yellow Flag allies being disastrously defeated near Hai-Phong, while the Black Flags are being constantly reinforced by Chinese. Moreover, the rivers will soon fall, and the French forces in Hanoi may then be placed in a dangerous position, as their gunboats will be unable to steam up to the town. It is even rumored that Hanoi will be evacuated. Public sentiment in France is rising against the Government's policy, and a meeting of the Extreme Left Party has passed resolutions insisting upon the necessity of convoking the Chambers in order to ascertain the intentions of the Government. There are rumors of dissension in the Cabinet, and it is thought it will result in the retirement of M. Challeme-Lacour, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, the Irish informer, has reached England and been safely lodged in prison, where he awaits the arrival of Mrs. Carey and the other witnesses against him. All sorts of rumors are current, among them one that Mrs. Carey has offered evidence of a most astounding nature, which, she declares, will clear her husband's character. O'Donnell proves to be a native of County Donegal, forty-five years of age, has been to America several times, served in the Civil War, lived for some time in Philadelphia, and kept a public house on the Canadian border. He invested his funds in silver mines and in Fenian bonds, and lost his money. He returned to Ireland last May, and was considered a strong nationalist. He claims to have gone to the Cape to seek his fortune, and to have

had no idea that Carey was a fellow-passenger when he started. He will have able counsel, and the defense will probably be that Carey tried to shoot the prisoner, who wrenched the revolver away and used it to protect his own life.

James McDermott, the Irish-American Bohemian, whose case has attracted much attention and who was arraigned on a charge of conspiracy to murder public officials in connection with the dynamite party, has been discharged. Kavanagh, Joseph Hanlon, Joseph Smith, and the other Irish informers in the Phoenix Park trial, who were sent to Australia, but were not permitted to land, have been shipped to Europe.

Mr. Shaw, the English missionary whom the French in Madagascar maltreated, has returned at the request of his Government, and says that the treatment which he received at the hands of the French authorities during his confinement was brutal in the extreme, and he demands the redress which must be accorded to a British subject under the circumstances. The indignities and cruelties heaped upon him, he says, were nearly unbearable, and he thanked God that he had escaped with his life. The original accounts of the outrage committed upon the English consul at Tamatave also prove to have fallen short of the truth, and it is now said that when he was dying the French priests endeavored to force him to become a Catholic and compelled him to kiss the crucifix.

The Russian Nihilists are again becoming active, and fresh arrests have been made of officers of the guards and officers of the navy who are suspected of being engaged in Nihilist operations. A chamberlain in the suite of the Czarina, who went with the imperial party to Copenhagen, was detected in the act of placing a note upon her dressing-case, and upon being charged with the offense, blew out his brains. The *Narodnaja Wolja*, the chief Nihilist organ, is being secretly printed in St. Petersburg. In a recent number it reviewed the work of Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, and says a continuance of a similar policy cannot be tolerated. The ruler of Turkey is also threatened by the dynamite fiends, a box of the explosive having been recently discovered within the precincts of the residence of the Sultan.

The troubles in Croatia are apparently disappearing, but indications point to the belief that the authors of the disorders are only the pioneers of a projected South Slavonian agitation which is to be directed, not against Hungary alone, but against the Austrian Empire generally. There has been a Cabinet crisis in Bulgaria, and a new liberal Ministry will be formed under M. Zankoff. Prince Alexander, in his reply to an address from the Assembly, announced the restoration of the Tirnova Constitution. The elections for the Serbian Skupchina have resulted in a complete triumph for the Russophiles. The Minister of War has resigned, and all the other Ministers will follow his example. The situation is precarious for King Milan.

King Alfonso has been meeting the German Emperor at Homburg, where there was a great gathering of kings and princes to witness an army parade, while his Ministers are worrying over the danger of another outbreak in Spain before his return. In Madrid, and in all the principal towns with garrisons, extra precautions are taken every night, and the police are ever on the alert, the Government having received information from its diplomatic consular agents in France, Germany and Austria, and especially Switzerland, to the effect that Ruiz Zorrilla, and other exiles, are concocting and actively preparing another rising. Sagasta proposes that the Cabinet resign en masse after the return of the King, and he will only consent to form a Cabinet if the leaders of the Left join him.

A PREPOSTEROUS flash comes over the sea to the effect that "Bishop, the Mind-reader," has been robbed in London. It recalls the equally absurd report that Heller, the magician, had been robbed of his valuable scarf pin while traveling. Of course no such thing could happen. A person who is capable of reading the thoughts of those around him can find out at once who has got his money. We advise Mr. Bishop to get into Mr. Labouchere's skull and inspect the convolutions of his brain the first thing.

ANOTHER proof of the decay of sectional prejudice has recently been afforded in the honors paid by New England to Governor Jarvis of North Carolina, and the widow of "Stonewall" Jackson. They went to Boston to attend the exposition recently opened at the Hub, and found themselves overwhelmed with hospitality wherever they went. The presentation to the widow of the famous Confederate General of a superb basket of roses, "with the compliments of a few members of the Grand Army of the Republic," is an event full of significance.

"OLEOMARGARINE must go," is the edict of the Georgia Legislature. That body has passed a Bill which requires all manufacturers of the stuff to plainly label their product, all dealers to notify customers when it is offered them, and all hotels, restaurants, and other places of public entertainment where it is used, to put the notice on their bills of fare and post the sign in their dining-rooms. "This house uses oleomargarine." If the law can be enforced, the use of oleomargarine will be stopped in Georgia; but it is one thing to pass a law and another to enforce it.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL GRESHAM evidently "means business" in his fight against the Louisiana Lottery Company. Some weeks ago he issued an order prohibiting postmasters from paying money-orders or delivering registered letters to the company, but the managers thought they saw a way to evade the pro-

hibition, and so arranged to have money-orders and registered letters sent to one of the national banks of New Orleans. But they find Mr. Gresham is a different sort of a customer from some postmasters-general with whom they have had to deal, for he promptly gave notice that the bank could not be permitted to stand in the shoes of the lottery company, and directed that no registered letters should be delivered to the bank and no postal money-orders paid to it until it cuts loose from the swindlers. The public will heartily endorse this vigorous policy on the part of Postmaster-general Gresham, who grows in the esteem of the country with every month that he holds office.

THE remarkable success of the *Morning Journal*, following upon that of *Truth*, illustrates in a marked way the tendency of the time towards a revolution in journalism. The day of high-priced newspapers, indeed, seems to be about over. The course of the *World*, and now of the *Times*, in coming down to two cents, and of the *Tribune* in reducing its price to three cents, is conclusive upon this point. As to the *Journal*, it has achieved success by deserving it. Able, vigorous, sprightly and electric, it is a type of just what a people's newspaper should be. The recent additions to its facilities are understood to have been made absolutely necessary by its steady growth in circulation, and its friends indulge the hope that the prosperity thus indicated may know no abatement until the ambition of its proprietor is fully satisfied.

NOW THAT the Far West has been thoroughly explored, but one part of the United States remains an unknown country. This is the Everglades of Florida, a region one-fourth as large as New York State, about which little more is known than there was of Central Africa before Livingstone's and Stanley's expeditions. That a remnant of the Seminole Indians still survives in this region, and that they still hold their negroes in slavery, is really all that even Floridians know of a large part of their commonwealth. An enterprising newspaper, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, now proposes to clear up the mystery, and has organized an expedition which will set out from Jacksonville on October 15th, resolved not to return until it has penetrated the haunts of the Seminoles. It is remarkable that this region should have remained so long a terra incognita, and the *Times-Democrat* will put the country in its debt by uncovering the Everglades.

ALMOST all the younger States in the Union have had bitter contests over the question of locating their capitals, and the Territory of Dakota, which hopes ere long to develop into a State, will be no exception to the rule. A commission which was appointed decided in favor of Bismarck, and the enterprising citizens straightway set about erecting the building, the corner-stone being laid early in the present month with imposing ceremonies. Yankton has always bitterly opposed this movement to deprive her of her laurels, and has now obtained a decision from a judge ousting the commissioners from office, and undoing their work in favor of Bismarck. The people of Bismarck, however, propose to carry the case up to the highest courts in the Territory and the country, if necessary, to reverse this decision, and in the meantime they will push forward work on the new Capitol, hoping that the traditional nine points of possession will settle the case in their favor.

THE fight for honest government in our large cities is one that is never ended. A ruling ring may be defeated, and even ousted from power, but the victors cannot afford to lay down their arms even then. At the first sign of apathy the spoilers are ready to renew the contest, and again it is proved that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. After a long and bitter fight the taxpayers of Philadelphia, under the leadership of the Committee of One Hundred, have dislodged one of the worst rings ever organized in this country, but the old managers are already seeking to regain power. They got control of the Republican Convention last week, and nominated one of their tools for the important office of City Comptroller, evidently hoping that through public indifference they might again steal into power. Happily the reformers are not discouraged, and there is every prospect that the present incumbent, an honest official, will be re-elected and the schemers once more baffled.

THE law increasing the bulk of mailable parcels has proved a great success. The new two-cent postage promises even more remarkable results. And now ex-Postmaster-general James, in a speech at Gillig's dinner in London, proposes the reduction of ocean postage to two cents. The suggestion is timely. The multiplication of fast ocean steamers, and the great increase of international correspondence, certainly makes some diminution of transatlantic postage feasible, and it is probable that ocean-carriage of letters is not more expensive than the average domestic mail service of the countries which send and receive them. Two-cent land and ocean postage firmly established on a self-supporting basis, and the United States will then be ready to regulate and reduce the cost of that other great and growing mail-service—letters by telegraphic wire. Written letters anywhere for two cents, and electric messages anywhere for ten cents—that is the desired end which experts believe to be easily attainable.

THE office of Inspector of Boilers seems to be a most agreeable sinecure. There are a great many of these functionaries in various parts of the country, but they are seldom heard from except on pay-day, or when a boiler bursts and they try to find out what

was the matter with it. Reports are abroad that many inspectors are corruptible and corrupt, and whenever a boiler explodes, or is found to be "patched and rotten," like those mentioned specifically by boiler-maker John Cullum in his testimony in the *Riverdale* investigation, it is fair to assume at once that the inspector in whose jurisdiction it is is utterly unfaithful, or has been bribed by steamboat-owners. John Cullum swore that he "knew of several steamboats whose boilers were so badly worn out that they were liable to blow up at any time." If every boiler-maker in this country knew of several such, or even one, what awful perils are encountered by tens of thousands of persons every Summer! The President should promptly and vigorously call his inspectors to account.

SWITZERLAND is gaining an unenviable reputation as the paradise for divorce-seekers. While the number of marriages registered in 1881 was 19,425, no less than 1,171 suits for divorce were granted, and 946 decrees for dissolution of matrimony were granted. In one Protestant canton the proportion of divorces to marriages was more than .13 per hundred, while, by contrast, in another purely Catholic canton the proportion was only .018 per cent. While divorces grow in frequency, marriages are falling off, and the prospect for the future is really threatening. In some parts of the country the evil has become so great that a couple became husband and wife with the understanding that if they should not like each other—or married life—at the end of a twelvemonth, they would join in an application for divorce on the ground of "irreconcilable incompatibility of temper," and, as the courts accept such a joint application as sufficient proof of the alleged incompatibility, the young couple can always obtain at pleasure a loosening of their bonds. The mountain republic cannot expect long to maintain her high reputation unless a radical reform in the threatened marriage and divorce law is speedily inaugurated.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

THE ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL LABORER.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

SIR—Sometimes I am fortunate enough to obtain a copy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The last but one I had was dated June 23d. I, of course, read it and came across "The Problems of the Time," by Henry George—all about the "English Agricultural Laborer." I did not suppose a man living would put together such nonsense and publish it as truth. At the time I read it I copied the article (the paper was only borrowed), intending to reply to it, but better views prevailed. To-day, however, I am lent another FRANK LESLIE'S, dated August 4th, and was somewhat surprised to find that a "Free-born Englishman" had taken the matter up—I presume out of patriotism. I am only able to read Mr. Saunders's reply to it. It appears to me this gentleman and Henry George must be in partnership together, as one professes to prove the other's accusations in very much the same strain as the accusations are made. I do not think much argument is required to answer both of them; facts will do. I have lived in five counties—Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire and Notts—and have found none of that debased and degraded class of which Henry George speaks. Poor people I have found, but invariably the agricultural laborers are better fed and clothed, and have altogether a healthier appearance, than workmen and mechanics in towns. I agree with a friend to whom I showed Mr. George's article, and who said: "The man who wrote that is either telling falsehoods or does not know what he is writing about." Let me advise Mr. Henry George to take for his problems subjects that he is well acquainted with. There are a great many problems in America that require solving, and he had better exercise his busy brain with them.

Yours truly,

H. P. HODGES.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, Nottingham, England.

PHARAOH'S TREASURE CITY.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

SIR—In your number for August 25th there is a view of the buried "Treasure City" of Pharaoh, and a short article upon it, in which the discovery of these ruins is stated to have thrown great light upon the history of the Israelite Exodus.

I beg leave to state, for the credit of American literature, that long before these excavations were made (some fourteen years since), the whole story of the Exodus was made perfectly clear by the celebrated Hebrew scholar, Professor H. Graetz, of Breslau, and that his solution of the old question is given in a thin 16mo, entitled "The Hebrews and the Red Sea," and published at Andover, Mass., by W. F. Draper. The new discoveries do but confirm the statements contained in that little work. Your article states that the discoveries are "not far from Ismailia." The author of "The Hebrews and the Red Sea" writes (p. 71): "Allowing for the decrease of the breadth of Lake Timsah from the sands of thirty centuries, the prediction is ventured that the remains of Patumos (Pithom) will yet be discovered within a radius of three or four miles from the new port, Ismailia."

This prediction has now been verified and proves beyond controversy the correctness of Professor Graetz's solution of the ancient Red Sea enigma. I am, sir, your obedient servant, S. W. THAYER, late United States Consul. TRIESTE, Sept. 5th, 1883.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE experimental tests on the steel for the new cruisers have been very successful.

Too many cadets have been dismissed from the Naval Academy at Annapolis for hazing.

LORD COLERIDGE was last week entertained in Buffalo and other cities, and paid a visit to Niagara.

A STATUE of General Zachary Taylor was formally unveiled near Louisville, Ky., on the 20th inst.

THE Prohibitionists of Massachusetts have nominated a full State ticket—headed by Charles Almy for Governor.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR left this city last week for Newport, R. I., where he will spend some days as the guest of a friend.

THE Piegiens of the Blackfeet Agency are willing to sell some of their land, receive cattle and implements and become farmers.

THE Order of the Knights of Labor has been disintegrated by differences on the Tariff question. The protectionists will withdraw.

FIVE persons were killed and ten injured by the bursting of a boiler in the Sligo Iron Works at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 20th inst.

A FIREMAN passenger-rate war is raging on the railroads between Chicago and Louisville, the rate from one city to the other being reduced to one dollar.

ONE hundred convicts in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield were poisoned last week, as is supposed, by eating canned meat, and it is feared that a number of them will die.

THE Democratic State Convention in Maryland last week nominated Congressman Robert M. McLane, of Baltimore, for Governor. The reform element was badly beaten in the convention.

SUPERVISING ARCHITECT HILL has written a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in which he defends himself against the finding of the investigating Committee. Mr. Hill has also tendered his resignation.

THE pool-sellers of Philadelphia, whose places were recently closed by the Mayor, have resumed business in defiance of his order. The Mayor announces his determination to employ all the power at his command to put an end to pool-selling.

SECRETARY FOLGER, in a letter to the Civil Service Commissioners, expresses the opinion that the new civil service law, in the matter of appointments, gives the preference—other things being equal—to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war.

A REPORT of the New York City Superintendent of Schools shows that the attendance in the public schools on the opening day this Fall was 7,123 greater than in 1882, and that the average daily attendance for the first week showed an increase of 6,496 over the same period in 1882.

THE Central and South American Telegraph Company's lines to Brazil, giving direct connection with the United States, were opened last week, when congratulatory messages were sent by President Arthur and the officials of New York commercial bodies to the Emperor of Brazil.

THE New York Republican State Convention, held at Richfield Springs last week, renominated the present Republican State officers, with Pliny F. Sexton for State Treasurer. There was no contest except for the last-named office, for which Ethan Allen received 215 votes. The proceedings were entirely harmonious.

THE Seventh Annual Congress of the National Liberal League of America convened at Milwaukee, Wis., last week. It was reported that during last year twenty new branch leagues had been established, 250 annual and fifteen life members had been added to the rolls, and the total new membership is now over 10,000.

AN epidemic of poisoning has broken out in Georgia. In one case the extinction of a whole family was attempted; in another nine persons were poisoned by a negro, three of whom died; in another a mother and child were poisoned; and in still another, a family was poisoned by drinking a coffee which had been filled with poison by a servant.

THE Kentucky Methodist Episcopal Conference has adopted resolutions opposing Sunday trains to camp-meetings, and all traffic on camp grounds on Sundays not absolutely necessary. The Conference appointed a committee to attend each camp-meeting to report, with the understanding that if Sabbath desecration does not cease the Church will prohibit the holding of camp-meetings.

THE Provincial Council of the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Province of New York assembled in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York city, on the 23d inst. Its object is the consideration of questions of faith, the religious indifference of the day, the policy of Church government, the attitude of the Church towards religious education, church property, divorce and secret societies and other vital questions.

Foreign.

THE Dutch budget for 1884 shows a deficiency of 30,000,000 florins.

THE estimated expenses of the Russian army for 1884 are 7,000,000 rubles in excess of those for 1883.

A CONSPIRACY among the Serbian radicals has been discovered. A quantity of dynamite and arms were found in the possession of Radicals in Pozega.

THE Egyptian Government is vigorously repressing the slave trade. The police have captured 250 slaves at Assiout and have arrested the chief slaver at Cairo.

At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science it was stated that, while the imports from Great Britain into Canada had increased, the imports from the United States had remained stationary.

A BATTLE has been fought in Ashantee, resulting in the defeat, with great slaughter, of the forces of King Koffee Kalcalt. The King fled from Coomassie, his capital, after the engagement.

THE scheme of a Customs union between Belgium and Holland is about to be effected. Prince Bismarck approves the scheme, which appears to be the first step towards absorbing Holland and Belgium in the German Zollverein.

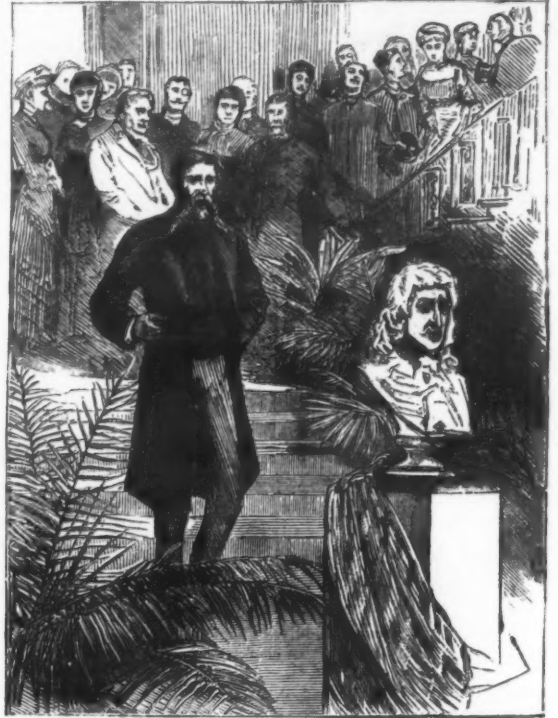
THE British colonies in the South Pacific continue greatly disgusted with the Home Government's refusal to endorse their annexation schemes, and will hold a conference at Sydney in November to consider their future action.

ADVISES from Professor Nordenskjöld's expedition to Greenland state that the expedition started from Auteksvik on the 4th of September and reached a distance of 300 kilometres inland, attaining a height of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. This is the first time that human beings have penetrated so far into Greenland. The whole region is an ice desert, proving that there is no open water inland. Very valuable scientific data have been obtained.

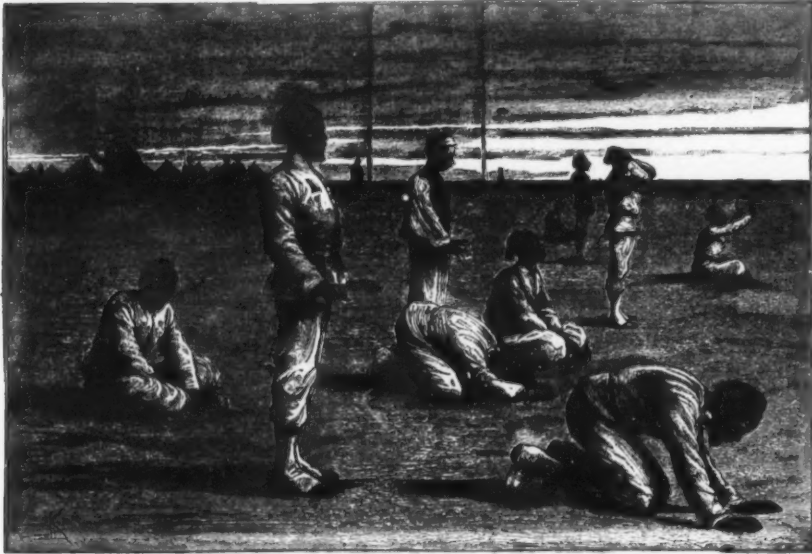
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



AUSTRIA.—THE DEATH OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD—SCENE IN THE MORTUARY CHAPEL AT FROHSDORF.



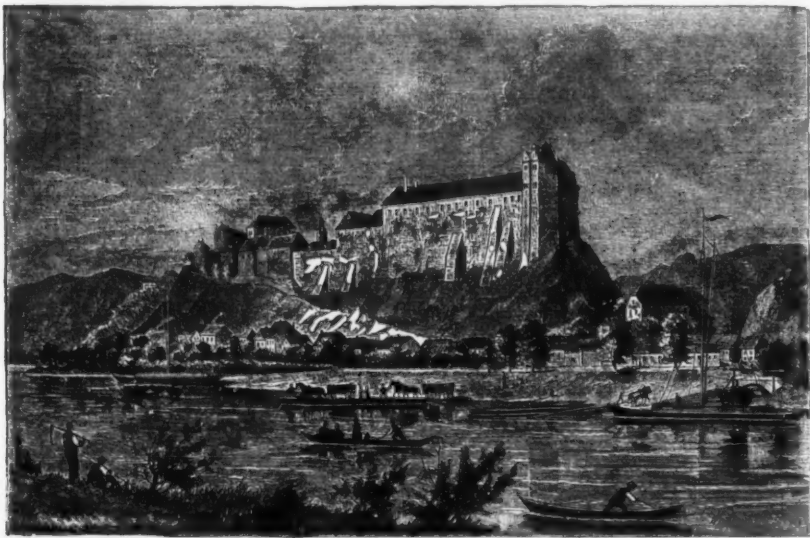
GREAT BRITAIN.—UNVAILING THE BUST OF FIELDING AT THE SHIRE HALL, TAUNTON.



THE FRENCH SOUDAN EXPEDITION.—SOLDIERS AT THE HOUR OF PRAYER.



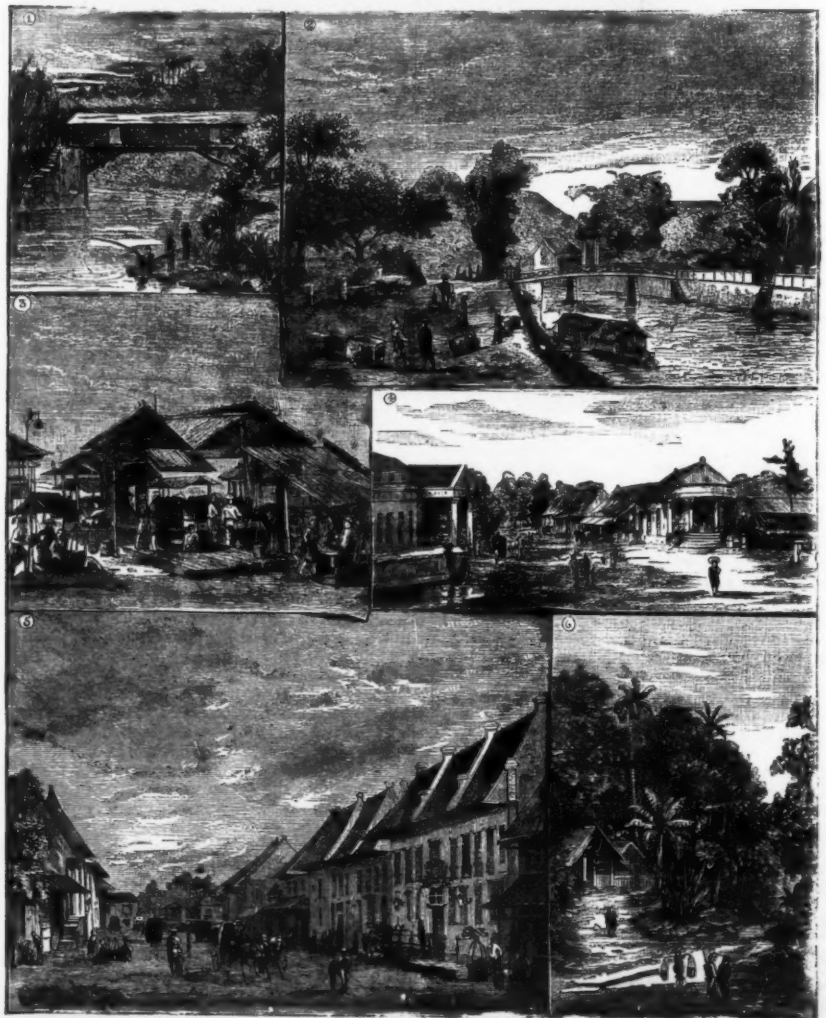
FRANCE.—THE BURMESE AMBASSADORS NOW IN PARIS.



GERMANY.—WETTIN CASTLE, ON THE SAALE, THE HOMESTEAD OF THE SAXON PRINCES.

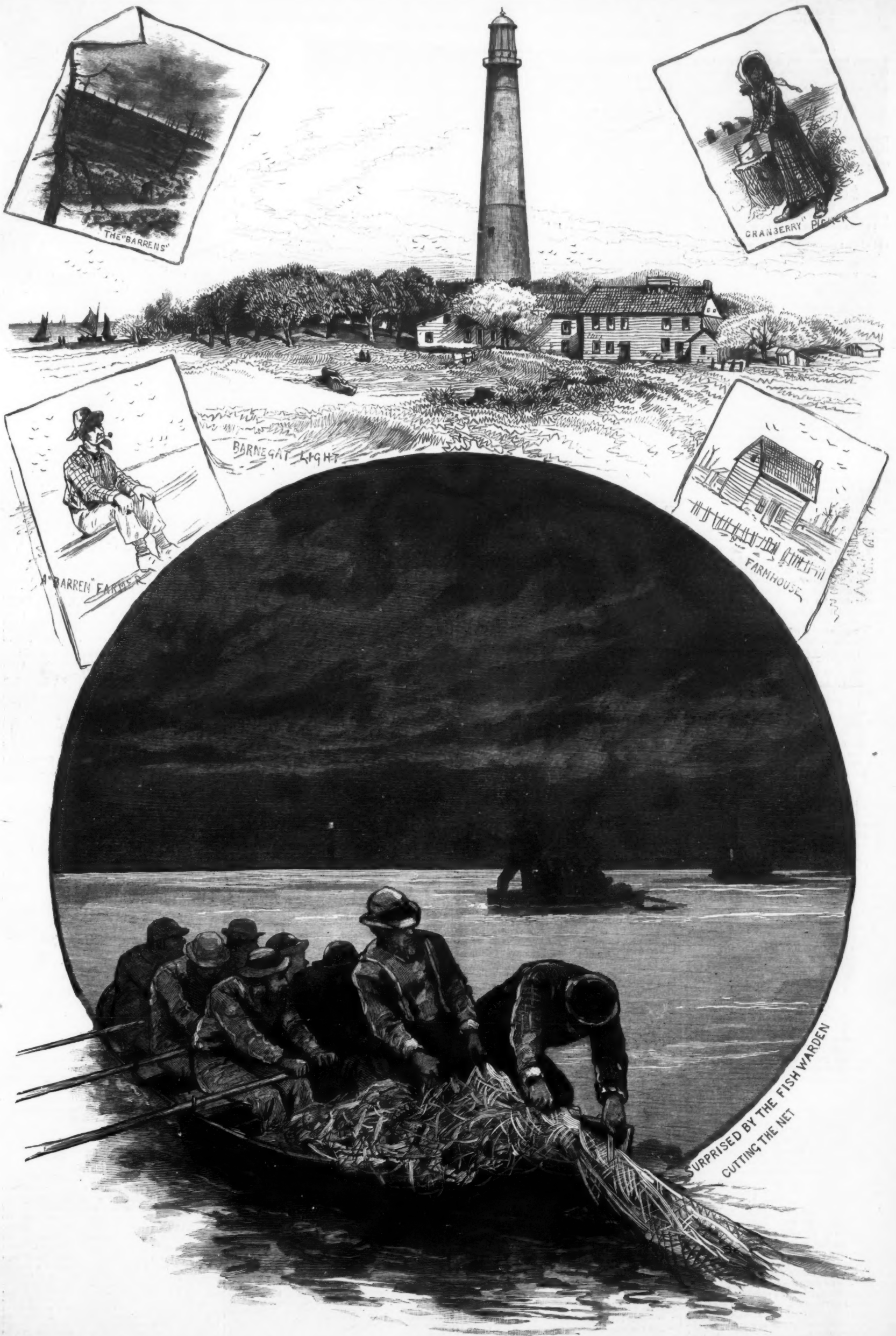


SERBIA.—DECORATING THE ROOF-POLE OF A NEWLY ERECTED HOUSE.



1. Bamboo Bridge over River Kpontang, near Serang. 2. North Bantam. 3. Native Market, Anjer. 4. Street in New Batavia. 5. Batavia, the Old Town. 6. View in Environs of Serang.

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN JAVA.—VIEWS OF THE RUINED DISTRICT.



NEW JERSEY.—SCENES AND CHARACTER TYPES AT AND AROUND BARNEGAT.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

THE BRIDGE OF SLEEP.

A SLENDER bridge it is—a slender bridge,
This span of sleep,
Which can that void that lies
Twixt us and Paradise
So overleap,
That we, without so much as flutter of hand
Or pressure of foot, pass to the other land.

Built upon piers of cloud across a chasm,
A river of death;
No hold in rock or clay,
Yet 'tis the King's highway;
And in one breath
Beggars with prince would pass, and joy with woe,
Mother leave child, and lovers part to go.

What is beyond this fragile span of sleep
On the other shore?
A thickly-peopled place;
A lost, beloved face
To see once more;
A vanished hand to clasp, yearned for in vain,
And voices we could never have heard again.

And of that other bridge, that mystic bridge,
Over whose track
We are so loath to pass,
Because once crossed, alas!
We come not back?
So very like to this of sleep it seems,
What is beyond it? dreams, and only dreams?
C. D. B.

A PAINTER'S VENGEANCE.

A FLEMISH STORY.

THIRTY years ago the Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz, was astonishing the artistic world by the powerful but extravagant productions which are now exhibited at Brussels in the museum that bears his name.

Though his brush was generally occupied with classical subjects, or weird allegorical designs such as the "Contest between Good and Evil," he occasionally consented to paint portraits. This was a favor, however, which he only accorded to those whose physiognomy happened to interest him. It may be added that his taste inclined rather to the grotesque and eccentric than the beautiful.

One day he received a visit from a certain M. van Spach, a notary, who had been seized with the desire to have his features perpetuated by the celebrated artist. Maitre van Spach—a dry, wrinkled, keen-eyed old gentleman, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and self-importance—was one of the wealthiest men in Brussels, and as avaricious as he was rich; a characteristic which had procured him the nickname of "Maitre Harpagon."

Wiertz was aware of his visitor's failing; nevertheless he acceded to his request without demur. The fact was, he had been conquered at first sight by the old scrivener's picturesque head. That head was a perfect treasure to an artist, with its bald cranium, wrinkled forehead, shaggy brows overhanging the small piercing eyes, hooked nose and thin-lipped mouth, which shut like a trap. Wiertz was fascinated, and while his visitor was pompously explaining his wishes, the artist was taking mental note of every line and feature.

"How much will the portrait cost?" was the notary's cautious inquiry.

"My terms are ten thousand francs, monsieur," was the reply.

The lawyer started, stared incredulously, shrugged his shoulders, and took up his hat. "In that case," he answered, dryly, "I have only to wish you good morning."

Alarmed at the prospect of losing this promising "subject," whom he had already in imagination transferred to canvas, Wiertz hastened to add:

"Those are my usual terms; but as your face interests me, I am willing to make a reduction in your favor. Suppose we say five thousand?"

But M. van Spach still objected, urging that such a sum was exorbitant for "a strip of painted canvas."

At length, after much bargaining and hesitation, he agreed to pay three thousand francs for the portrait—"frame included"; and this being settled, he rose to take leave.

"When am I to give you the first sitting?" he inquired.

"There is no hurry," replied the artist, who had his own intentions regarding this portrait. "I am somewhat occupied just now, but will let you know when I have a morning at liberty. *Au revoir!*"

The moment his visitor had left the studio Wiertz seized palette and brushes, placed a fresh canvas on his easel, and dashed in the outlines of the portrait from memory. He painted as if for a wager, while the Summer daylight lasted; and, thanks to his marvelous rapidity of execution, when evening came the picture was all but finished.

He had represented the old notary seated at a table strewn with papers and parchments, his full face turned towards the spectator. The head was brought out in masterly relief against a shadowed background, and painted in the artist's best style; bold, free and unconventional, showing no signs of its hurried execution. The likeness was striking in its fidelity, giving not only the features, but the character and expression of the original, so that the canvas seemed instinct with life.

The following morning Wiertz gave the finishing touches to his work, put it in a frame, and dispatched it to Van Spach; instructing the messenger to wait for an answer.

He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he pictured the old gentleman's delight and astonishment, and anticipated the sensation which this *tour de force* would create in artistic circles.

In due time the messenger returned—with the picture in one hand, and a note in the other. Wiertz hastily dismissed him, opened the letter, and read as follows:

"Sir—I beg to return your extraordinary produc-

duction, which I cannot suppose is intended for my portrait, as it bears no sort of resemblance to me.

"In art, as in everything else, I like to have my money's worth for my money, and I do not choose to pay you the sum of three thousand francs for one afternoon's work. As you do not consider me worth the trouble of painting seriously, I must decline any further transactions with you, and remain, sir, yours obediently,"

"PETER VAN SPACH."

When the artist recovered from his astonishment at this remarkable epistle, he burst into a fit of laughter which made the studio ring.

"His money's worth—ha, ha! Maitre Harpagon has over-reached himself for once. He could have sold it for five times what it cost him—the benighted Philistine!"

He placed the rejected picture once more on the easel, and regarded it long and critically, only to become more convinced of its merit. He knew that art-judges would pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*. His amusement began to give place to irritation at the indignity to which his work had been subjected, and vague projects of vengeance rose before him as he paced the floor, with bent head and knitted brows.

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes sparkling with mischievous satisfaction at an idea which had suddenly occurred to him. He took up his palette, and set to work upon the picture again, adroitly altering and retouching.

In an incredibly short space of time it underwent a startling metamorphosis. While carefully preserving the likeness, he had altered the face by exaggerating its characteristics; giving a cunning leer to the deeply-set eyes, a grimmer curve to the thin lips, and a scowl to the heavy brows. A stubbly beard appeared on the chin, and the attitude became drooping and decrepit.

Then the notary's accessories vanished, the background becoming the wall of a cell, with a barred window; while the table, with its litter of papers and parchments, was transformed into a rough bench, beneath which might be discerned a pitcher and a loaf.

When this was achieved to his satisfaction, the artist signed his work, and gummed on the frame a conspicuous label, with the inscription:

"Imprisoned for Debt."

Then he sent for a *facre*, and drove to Melchior's, the well-known picture dealer in the Rue de la Madeleine, whose window offers such constant attraction to lovers of art.

"I have something to show you," began Wiertz. "I have just finished this study, which I think is fairly successful. Can you find room for it in your window?"

"Find room for it? I should think so!" exclaimed the dealer, enthusiastically. "My dear fellow, it is first-rate! I have seen nothing of yours more striking and original—and that is saying much. What price do you put upon it?"

"I have not yet decided," replied the painter. "Give it a good place in the window, and if a purchaser presents himself let me know."

The picture was immediately installed in the place of honor, and soon attracted a curious group. All day Melchior's window was surrounded; and next morning the papers noticed the wonderful picture, and sent fresh crowds to gaze at it.

Among the rest was a friend of Maitre van Spach, who could scarcely believe his eyes on recognizing the worthy notary in this "questionable shape." He hastened at once to inform him of the liberty which had been taken with his person; and not long afterwards the old lawyer burst into the shop, startling its proprietor, who at once recognized the original of the famous picture.

"M. Melchior," began the intruder. "I have been made the victim of a shameful practical joke by one of your clients. It is my portrait, sir, that hangs in your window; it is I, sir—I, Maitre van Spach—who am held up to ridicule in that infamous daub—pilloried for all the world to see as an imprisoned bankrupt! If the thing is not at once removed, I shall apply to the police."

At this threat the picture-dealer merely smiled. "I must refer you to the artist, monsieur," he returned, coolly. "The picture belongs to him, and I cannot remove it without his permission."

To Wiertz's house went Maitre van Spach, in a white heat of rage and indignation. On entering the studio, he found the painter lounging in an armchair, smoking his afternoon cigar.

"Ah, is it you, Maitre?" was his bland greeting. "To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit? Pray take a seat. Do you smoke? You will find those cigars excellent."

"Monsieur," interrupted the notary, cutting short these courtesies with scant ceremony, "let us come to the point. There is at this moment in Melchior's window a picture—a caricature—which makes me the laughing-stock of the town. I insist on its being taken out at once—at once, do you understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other, imperturbably. "It is true there is a picture of mine at Melchior's, but I don't see how it can make you ridiculous."

"You don't see? But that picture is my portrait—my portrait!" cried his visitor, rapping his cane upon the floor.

"Your portrait?" echoed the other, with a look of surprise.

"Of course it is, as any one can see at a glance. You—"

"But—excuse me," the painter interrupted, "you said yesterday that it did not resemble you in the least. See—here is your letter to that effect."

Van Spach colored and bit his lip. He felt that he was caught.

"Such being the case," continued Wiertz, "and the work being returned on my hands, I have a perfect right to dispose of it to the best advantage."

The notary took a turn across the room, to recover his composure.

"Come," he said, at length, forcing a smile,

"let us try to arrange this ridiculous affair amicably. I will give you the three thousand francs at once, and take the horrible thing out of the window."

"Stay a moment," interrupted his companion, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, and carelessly changed his position. "You must be aware that the picture in its present shape is ten times more valuable than a mere portrait. It is now a work of imagination and invention, and I may own that I consider it one of my most successful canvases. I could not think of parting with it for less than fifteen thousand francs."

The notary gasped. "Fifteen thousand francs! You are joking!"

"Not at all. That is my price; you may take it or leave it."

There was a moment's pause; then the visitor turned on his heel. "I leave it, then! Go the deuce with your picture!" he retorted, as he left the room, banging the door behind him.

He had not gone many yards from the house, however, when he stopped short and reflected. So long as that ill-omened canvas remained on view in Melchior's window he would not know a moment's peace. The story would be sure to get wind, and even his friends would join in the laugh against him. He would scarcely dare to show his face abroad. At any sacrifice, this scandal must be stopped. But—fifteen thousand francs! He fairly groaned as he reluctantly retraced his steps towards the house.

"Monsieur Wiertz," he began, in a conciliatory tone. "I have reconsidered the matter, and—I agree to your terms. I will take your picture for the sum you named."

Wiertz threw away his cigar, and rose. "Monsieur, you are very kind. But it happens that I, too, have been considering, and a brilliant idea has occurred to me."

The notary shuddered. He dreaded Wiertz's "ideas," and he had a presentiment that some fresh disaster was in store for him.

"What is it?" he asked, nervously.

"As my picture seems to have made a sensation, I think I shall advertise it to be raffled for at five francs a ticket, and, that all the town may have a chance of seeing it, I shall hire a commissionaire to carry it through the streets for a day or two. Not a bad notion—eh?"

Maitre van Spach was speechless with consternation. "You—you would not do this?" he stammered.

"Why not? I am confident the plan would succeed—so confident that I wouldn't give it up for less than thirty thousand francs—money down."

The unfortunate notary burst into a cold perspiration, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. To see himself trotted round Brussels on a porter's back, labeled, "Imprisoned for Debt!" It was like a horrible nightmare.

"Here," he exclaimed, desperately, taking out his pocketbook—"here is a check for the amount. For heaven's sake, let me have the picture, and I will say no more about it."

Half an hour afterwards the detestable canvas was in his possession; but it was not until he had cut out of the frame and burnt it to ashes that he felt himself safe from some fresh manifestation of the painter's vengeance.

Meantime, Wiertz cashed the check, and after deducting the sum of ten thousand francs—the price he first demanded—forwarded the rest to the charitable fund of the town in the name of Maitre van Spach.

LIFE AND CHARACTER AT BARNEGAT.

DID ye come down yar fur cranberries? 'Fye did, I kin put ye on to the spot fur to git 'em. Don't want no cranberries, eh? Well, mebbe it's fishin' ye came fur? Now, 'f it's fishin', ye needn't look no further fur a man to jist steer ye whar they ain't no end—'twan't fishin', eh? Oh, it's the light ye want to look over. Come 'long o' me, an' I'll show ye jist the way to see it. What? 'Twan't the light? Then it must be ye want to buy a farm on the barrens. Now, ye have struck me right. I got one o' the ch'icest pieces o' sille that ever laid on the foolstool sense Adam broke sod, an' I'll give it to ye at a figger that'll scare ye. 'Tain't no barren farm, nuther, that ye come down yar fur? Well, stranger, whar in thunder did ye come down yar fur, then? Cranberries, fish, the light an' the barrens—that's all this yar."

The average Barnegat citizen talks with a long drawl and a mouth full of tobacco. The gentleman who spoke as above was far over the average both as to drawl and tobacco. His dress was a slouch hat, a hickory shirt and blue overalls, the latter thrust into a pair of cowhide boots, and held in place by a strap around the waist. He was one of a group of citizens of a similar construction who were discussing the staple products of the vicinity in the bar-room, office, reading-room and billiard-parlor, combined, of the Barnegat tavern—or hotel, as it is called—one recent hot Summer's night. They were "barren farmers" and fishermen.

Barnegat, as everybody knows, is on the Jersey coast, where there is a rough and dangerous shore, as many a skipper knows to his sorrow. The light-house at Barnegat casts its beams far out to sea, and warns the mariner at night of the dangerous reefs beneath it. Wreckers once found work in plenty at Barnegat, and the story of many a dark deed could be told by not a few of the grizzly fishermen one sees along the coast to-day. But the occupation of the wrecker is gone. He fishes now, picks cranberries in season, and takes an occasional hand at farming. But his fishing is done without regard to law. It is necessary for fish-wardens to cruise about these waters constantly, watching the movements of the prowling net-fishermen, but in spite of their vigilance thousands of pounds of blue-fish, weak-fish, sea-bass and other choice food fishes are taken by nets every season. This stealthy dragging of nets through these interdicted waters is done by bronzed, reckless, dare-devil poachers. They keep constantly informed of the whereabouts of the warden and his men, and as the latter cannot be everywhere at once, the former are sure to be at just such places where the officers are not. The fishing is done at night, and if by some means the poachers are surprised by the warden while hauling in their nets, it is but the work of a moment for them to cut them loose, and as they instantly sink with their burden of fish, the evidence of the law-breaking is at once destroyed. The poachers must be taken with the nets and fish in their possession to warrant their arrest and conviction. Hence the number of guilty ones apprehended is small, although there is

not one of the illegal fishermen who is not as well-known to the warden as any of his men.

The Barnegat citizen who so kindly volunteered to aid me in enjoying all the attractions of the place was incorrect in saying that cranberries, fish, the light and barren farm completed the list of attractions at Barnegat. There are at least two others—musquitoes and applejack, neither of which have any effect on the native, but both of which are equally poisonous to the stranger. If you ask a citizen of Barnegat:—"Have you any mosquitoes here?"

"Skeeters?" he will reply—"Skeeters? Wal, no; none to speak on. Th' useter be a few yar, but sense they so'them Summer resort places a-goin' so hot an' heavy 'long the coast, th'v kinder all pulled out o' yar an' took in the resorts. Th' git better feed over thar, I 'spect."

And all the while you are engaged in a constant fight to keep the tormenting pests from eating you up. They attack you in flocks, from front and rear and every side. But ask a citizen—"Have you any applejack here?"

"Applejack!" he will answer, promptly; "thar's whar we jist lay over creation. Ye see we're all jedges o' that juice down yar, an' we don't 'low none to come but what's up to proof, an' a little be-yent, if anythin'. I kin put you on to a drop o' the finest apple that war ever 'lectionered with in all Jersey, if ye'll come 'long o' me."

So I am not sure whether I was correct or not in the impression I first formed of the origin of the intensely red spots I noticed on many noses and faces in Barnegat. I had charged them to the musquitos.

The Barnegat hotel provides its guests with benches and a wooden chair or two to sit on. When I saw it, it had evidently been the intention of the proprietor to have a pair of kerosene lamps light the combined apartments of the hotel, but, if the lamps, unmolested, were capable of the task, they were certainly unable to perform it, under the circumstances. The lamps were suspended over the billiard-table, and around each one was a constant swarm of insects of all sizes and shapes, struggling to get at the light, and hiding its beams most effectually. Two young bloods of Barnegat were pitted against each other at a game of billiards. The table was strewn with dead and dying moths, bugs and nondescript insects, which had tried ends with the lamps above. The balls were plastered with the remains of the vanquished insects, and had the appearance of having been submitted to the high art of decalcomania. It was a charming, cheerful scene. As I judged from the occasional remarks made by the players and the lookers-on, the result of the game depended more on the chance intervention of a dead moth or beetle than it did on the skill of the contestants. It seemed to be one of the rules of the Barnegat game of billiards that no insect falling on the table while a shot was being made should be removed until after it was made. Thus, a ball might be going straight for a count, and a death's-head moth might fall directly in its way and stop the ball, or turn it wide of the mark; or the tumbling of a dead or disabled beetle on the table might turn a ball that was going wrong just enough out of its course to make the count. It was a fine game, and was won by a big bug with two horns an inch and a half long. One player had three points to go, and he played to pocket a red ball—it was the difficult four-pocket game they were playing. The ball stopped within a quarter of an inch of the pocket. The gleam of pleasure that came on the rival player's face was of short duration, for the bug in question dropped on the ball and put it in the pocket. The play came under the rule, and the shot counted. I ventured to say to the accommodating citizen who had spoken to me on my arrival that such playing as that must be very unsatisfactory, as it all depended on chance.

"Wal," said he, "so it does to sich kids as them is, but we've got fellows that jist watches the bugs, an' kin calk 'late on whar they're goin' to fall, whar their heft'll be, an' 'bout when they'll tumble. I don't see none o' 'em yar to-night. I think they went fishin'. Yesee they've jist observed the habits o' these insect's till they've got 'em down fine. Why, the poottiest game that ever was knocked 'round a table in Barnegat was that un' 'twixt Jim Goshen an' Pete Rolson—oh, three year ago this Summer, I guess. Say, Josh, was it three year ago this Summer that Jim an' Pete played their big game?"

"Three year?" replied Josh. "No, Bunk, 'twas four year. Four year in August."

"Wall, mebbe it was. Anyhow, Jim an' Pete was playin' one night, an' sich calk 'latin' on bugs as they done was a caution. Thar wa'n't no insect that fell that wa'n't played fur. They didn't scratch a bug. Bimeby, both Jim an' Pete had three to go. It was Pete's shot, an' he had a hard pocket to make in the right-han' corner. Thar was a moth more'n three inches long a 'foppin' 'bout the lamp, an' both Jim an' Pete was watchin' on it clus, I tell ye. Pooty soon Pete shot one eye an' squinted fur a minit at the bug an' then grabbed his cue."

"I'll bet the drinks fur the house, Jim," says he, "that I make the shot!"

"Jim he eyes the moth a minit, takin' in all its hints."

"Hurry up, Jim," says Pete, "or I can't bet."

"Ye see Pete had drawed all his calk 'lations, an' knowed whar time he had. So Jim he give another squint, put his cue on a spot on the table, an' says: 'That bug'll fall thar,' says he. 'I'll take the bet!'"

"Pete fired away. He hadn't more'n fired 'fore down come the moth plumb on the spot that Jim had marked, an' laid thar. Everybody see that the bug in that place wa'n't no good to Pete, an' Jim begun to holler, he felt so good."

"Hol' on a leetle," said Pete. "The balls hain't quit rollin' yit."

"An', sure enough, jist as Pete's ball rolled along, rollin' three inches out o' plumb fur the pocket, that moth kinder staggered over on one wing, and then gave a sudden flop agin Pete's ball, and kersock! she went in the pocket! If anybody knows bugs, stranger, that one is Pete Rolson."

ED. H. MOTT.

THE COREAN EMBASSY.

THE Korean Embassy recently arrived in Wash- ington is composed of especially eminent men, the chiefs being prominent officers of the Korean Government. The ambassadorial party consists of eleven persons—Min Yong Ik, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Korean Majesty; Hing Yong Sik, the Vice-Minister; So Koang Pom, the Secretary; Percival Lowell, Foreign Secretary; Woo Li Tang, Interpreter; five *attachés* of the Embassy, and Tsunejiro Miyakawa, a Japanese acting as private secretary to the Home Secretary. Minister Min Yong Ik is a nephew of the King of Korea, and is only twenty-three years of age. He is said to be well versed in history and poetry, studies which are considered a great desideratum in Korea, and as marking a learned person. Hong Yong Sik, the Vice-Minister of the Embassy, is a son of the Prime Minister of Korea, and a gentleman in great favor at court. His age is twenty-eight years, and is reported to possess much knowledge of the affairs of his native land. So Koang Pom, the Secretary of the Embassy, is twenty-three years old, and is said to be thoroughly grounded in the history and poetry of his country. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Lowell, was secured for the Embassy from Japan, where he has been residing, and he was appointed Foreign Secretary, as well as Secretary to the Embassy, so as to lighten the tone of the mission. The visit of the Embassy is in return of that of General Foote, who was sent by this Government to Korea, and its object is supposed to be in connection with the new treaty being made

between the two Governments, though other business, the purpose of which is not known, forms part of the mission. The stay at Washington will be of some three or four months' duration.

The costume of these representatives of the "Hermit Nation" is peculiarly fanciful. Their trousers are as baggy as those of the souave. Over this is a loose robe or coat with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of raw silk, and the color varies according to the wearer's taste. The nether garment is of cotton. The socks are wadded, and fit in shoes similar to those worn on the streets by the ordinary Chinese. The hats, which are kept on, even at the table, are broad-brimmed, with a sugar-loaf crown, the brim projecting from the centre. They are of silk, woven on bamboo, and they fit over silk skull-caps, elaborately quilted, which fit closely on the head. These hats are very expensive, those worn by this Embassy being worth \$15 in American money. An over-garment made of gauze, and split almost from the collar to the bottom, is worn, and at first gives the impression that the Embassy have adopted the Mother Hubbards. The hats are strapped on the heads, and tied under the chin with long black ribbons. One of the party wears glasses, and one of them has long chin whiskers. They have the Mongolian cast of countenance. Their hair is fashioned in the style of the Japanese of twenty years ago, with the exception that their heads are unshaven and the topknot allowed to stand erect on the crown of the head, the whole being about three inches in height. On either side of the face hang long rows of amber beads, those of the high functionaries reaching down to the waist, while those of the *attachés* meet under the chin.

On the 18th inst. the Embassy, having come to New York City, were formally and officially presented to President Arthur at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The scene was almost Oriental in its impressiveness. Grouped about the President, who stood in the centre of the parlor, were Secretary Frelinghuysen, Assistant Secretary Davis, Lieutenant T. B. M. Mason and Ensign Foulk, of the United States Navy, and Private Secretary Phillips. No others were admitted during the reception. In the corridors, before entering, the Koreans made a preliminary salaam, bowing low. Then Min Yong Ik, the Ambassador; Hong Yong Sik, the Vice-Ambassador; So Kung Pom, Secretary; Mr. Percival Lowell, the Foreign Secretary, together with the other five *attachés*, entered the parlor. They came in in single file. When they were inside the door, all dropped low upon their knees and made a salaam, this time according to the fashion of Oriental princes—that is, bowing to one side instead of directly to the President. Arriving, they were presented to the President, Secretary Frelinghuysen introducing them in the order of their rank. President Arthur bowed and shook hands with each. They were then presented to the others of the President's suite.

The Koreans were dressed in rich court robes, made expressly for the presentation to the President. Min Yong Ik, the most distinguished of the party, wore a tunic of very rich plum-colored silk, which fell to his feet. His waist was encircled with a belt inlaid with gold squares. On his breast was an apron, richly embroidered with various figures of curious shapes. In the centre were two storks elaborately woven. Hong Yong Sik also wore a long plum-colored tunic of rich silk, which differed from that of his chief in that his apron was not so elaborately embroidered and was marked with only one stork. The Secretary and other *attachés* were costumed in tunics of various colors and hats with tall crowns and wide brims.

After his introduction, Min Yong Ik read his address in Korean. He said that he and Hong Yong Sik had come to pay their respects as ambassadors from the Government of Tah Chosun, and he wished the President and the people of this country health and welfare. Having entered into a treaty together, he hoped both nations might keep it in peace for ever. He then presented his credentials and a letter from his sovereign.

President Arthur expressed his pleasure at receiving the representatives of the King of Tah Chosun. He hoped that the commerce between the two nations might be beneficial to both, and that the tour of the Koreans might be such that they could carry back new and profitable ideas and a kindly feeling for the people of this country. In the American system of education and laws some things might be discovered that the people of Tah Chosun might be glad to adopt. "You will be so good," he added, "as to present to your King my respectful regards, and express to him my gratification and that of my people that he has seen proper to honor us by a visit from this embassy. It will be the purpose of our Government and people so to receive you that you shall carry home pleasant recollections of the American Republic."

THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

PERHAPS the most successful bicycle tournament ever held in this country was that which opened at Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday, September 18th, and continued for three days. Over one hundred clubs were represented, and there were besides two hundred unattached riders, among whom were a number of famous English experts, besides one from Australia and another from Japan. The exhibition included bicycles of all shapes and sizes, tricycles, and almost everything pertaining to wheelmen and their steeds. The street parade, on Wednesday, in which about six hundred participated, displayed nearly every kind of bicycle known, and one of its most attractive features was the appearance of about twenty women tricyclists. The prizes offered aggregated \$6,000 in value, including a \$1,000 cup, and a gold medal studded with diamonds. The races took place in Hampden Park, upon the upper end of which many of the visiting wheelmen were quartered in hundreds of tents. The races were the best ever ridden in this country, and the records were beaten in a number of instances. The tournament attracted great crowds, and as the weather was perfect every day, it proved an entire success.

THE CINCINNATI ART LEAGUE.

THE Cincinnati Art Students' League, under the management of Mr. Matt Morgan, has just entered upon the second year of its existence with sixty advanced pupils. This association was started more than a year ago, and is conducted upon the same principles as the great art schools of Europe. A scholarship of \$1,200 is to be given for the best original picture from a given subject, to be completed in October, 1884, and there are about thirty entries, three of which represent ladies. This scholarship is intended to defray the expenses of the successful student during two years' study in Europe. Other prizes will be distributed at the same time, and some capital work may be confidently expected. Our illustration represents the Life Room of the League, and, to show that actual results have already been achieved, we take pleasure in mentioning that Mr. Evans, to whom we are indebted for the drawing, is one of the students of this most excellent school.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Late Count de Chambord.

The late Count de Chambord was "laid out" on a large bed, and covered with a black velvet pall, trimmed with the richest silver lace. Eight wax lights burned round the bed. Two magnificent candelabra were placed at the head, above which was suspended a white flag, and a banner with the inscription, "Heart of Jesus, save France!" The

bed of state was placed in the chamber adjoining the death-room. This *salaam* was transformed into a mortuary chapel, and was draped in black. Near the body two of the household kept wakeful vigil, relieved every two hours. Two enormous flower-crowns were posed at the foot of the bed, one given by the poor of Neustadt, the other formed of flowers gathered in the domain of Frohsdorf. During the entire lying-in-state numerous visitors were admitted for the purpose of offering up a prayer for the soul of the dead Count, and for taking a last long lingering look at a man "sans peur et sans reproche."

The Fielding Memorial.

The bust of Henry Fielding, the novelist, procured by public subscription, was unveiled in the Shire Hall, of Taunton, England, on the 4th instant. The town was decorated with flags, and the occasion was marked by many demonstrations of public interest. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the United States Minister, James Russell Lowell, who made an appropriate address on the work of Fielding and the uses of fiction. The Shire Hall already contains the busts of several eminent men, which have been gathered into it by the enterprise of Mr. R. Arthur Kinglake, J. P., brother of the historian of the Crimean war.

The Mohammedan Soldier's Hour of Prayer.

The tenacity with which the Mohammedan clings to the outward forms at least of his religion is well known. No more striking example of this is found than in the ready attention given by all classes to the call to evening prayer, which is made from the minarets of their churches. In whatever occupation a Mohammedan may find himself engaged, he is bound to leave it when the setting sun, reaching the horizon, is about to sink from sight, and bowing himself to the ground, offer up his prayers to Allah for his past, present and future safety and welfare. Such a moment as this has been chosen by our artist for his sketch. The troops under Hicks Pasha, marching against the rebels in the Sudan, have come to a halt; the setting sun is throwing long rays of light across the sandy plain, and the faithful followers of the Prophet leave the campfires and prostrate themselves with childlike faith in prayer to their Father.

The Castle of Wettin.

On the south bank of the river Saale stands Wettin Castle, the home of the Princes of Saxony. It dates from the tenth century, and if its grim and dented walls could speak, what tales of love and war, and of siege and famine, and of intrigue and misery they might tell! Here the Counts of Wettin held sway and revel during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the great tower over the Saale bears this name unto this day, the chambers which resounded to the tramp of their mailed heel remaining intact. Count Otto II., who distinguished himself as a doughty warrior, terrorized in Wettin in 1283, and Count Kaspar proved equally formidable at the close of the fifteenth century. In 1680 Wettin came within the territory of Brandenburg. In due time a new church was built, and with it cloisters, in which William III. is taking his long last sleep. To narrate the history of Wettin would be but a repetition of sieges, sorties, forays and feuds. The Castle, as viewed from the valley of the Saale, or from the Petersberg, is intensely picturesque, its enormous walls forming part of the rocky bluff on which it is built, the roofs of the buildings of the castle standing out in wondrous relief against the sky. Beneath flows the river, its quaint and primitive ferry recalling the days when the trumpet from above sounded to boot and saddle for skirmish or foray.

Decorating New Buildings in Serbia.

In the interior of Serbia it is the custom to dedicate all new buildings with some religious ceremony. The master-builder, on the day selected for the dedication, calls together all the workmen, and presents to the masons a piece of fine black cloth, and to the other workmen, other kinds of cloth. Plenty of wine and brandy are provided. The workmen climb to the ridge-pole, and two of them stand on the top. The master of ceremonies then stands with his arms extended towards the east, and says, with a loud voice: "God, Allah, the Almighty, grant good-luck to the house-father, grant long life to the house-father. Grant him everything according to Thy will. Grant that his children have good luck. Grant that his wife may bring him boys. Grant that his cattle may increase. Allah, the Great God, the Almighty, hear me." Then the presents provided by the proprietor are distributed, and all the neighbors and friends, as well as the workmen, are remembered, and the wine and brandy are dispensed freely. After the completion of the work, the master-workman gives the key to the owner, and the latter gives a festival dance to all the workmen and friends and neighbors, thus ending the dedication in the jolliest manner.

The Burmese Ambassadors at Paris.

The Burmese Embassy, which has been lately visiting Paris, consists of eight persons, including two Ministers high in the Order of the White Elephant. The first Ambassador is called Myo-Thit-Mio Za Aitwin von Mim. He is Minister of the Interior of the Palace and President of the Privy Council. The second Ambassador, who is Minister of State, responds to the name of Thin-Ghelli-Woon-Dank-Ming. The Royal Secretary, Yoye-donghye, Tandozin-Ming, private secretary to the first Ambassador; Le Payé-Dan-Ming, Officer of the Royal Household; and two Secretaries, whose names it would be next to an impossibility to write or pronounce. These long-named and silk-attired functionaries have come to Paris for the purpose of entering into a commercial treaty with France, and propose to remain in that country for a couple of months. From thence they repair to London, with a view to reviving and repatching a commercial treaty of ancient date.

The Volcanic Eruptions in Java.

We illustrate on page 84 some of the districts in Java which so largely suffered by the volcanic eruptions of August last. The disturbances began on the island of Krakatoa on the 25th, and by the following morning all communications with Anjer on the Strait of Sunda were destroyed, bridges being wrecked and roads rendered impassable. The disturbances had extended beneath the waters of the Strait, and great waves dashed on Java's shores. The temperature of the sea rose nearly twenty degrees. The rumblings gradually became more and more distinct, and soon extended to Mahra Mern, the largest of the volcanoes, which began to belch forth flames, and soon after more than a third of the forty five craters of Java were either in active eruption or seriously threatening it. From the crater of Gunny Guntur showers of cinders and enormous fragments of rock were shot forth and scattered in all directions, carrying with them death and destruction. At one time fifteen huge waterpots were seen, and houses with their inmates were buried beneath the great waves of rock and mud. Towards evening the shocks and eruptions increased in violence, enormous waves dashed on the shore, and immense luminous clouds formed over the Kandang range of mountains. At two A. M. on Monday this great cloud suddenly broke into small sections and vanished. When daylight came it was seen that an immense tract of land, covering about fifty square miles, had disappeared. Other equally remarkable changes took place. The volcano of Papandayang was suddenly split into seven peaks, and sixteen new volcanic mountains rose out of the sea in the Strait of Sunda. Anjer was totally destroyed, including eight hundred European and American inhabitants. The town was overwhelmed by rocks, mud and lava from the crater, and then the water came up and swallowed the ruins. The navigation of the Strait of Sunda, one of the main gateways of maritime trade in those seas, has been rendered very perilous. Krakatoa, an island whose

summit rose to a height of 2,623 feet above sea-level, has disappeared below the waters, while, on the other hand, sixteen new volcanic craters have arisen in the Strait. This tremendous downfall and upheaval produced the volcanic eruptions which destroyed an incalculable amount of property, and the lives, it is surmised, of 100,000 persons. Of all the terrible volcanic eruptions by which Java has been visited since Europeans first visited it, this has been the most terrible.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

In a Study of the bitumen of the Dead Sea, M. B. Delachand determined the presence of sulphur in large quantities, and hence claims for this bitumen a distinctively mineral origin.

M. E. Panchon has been studying the upper limit of human hearing, employing the "siren" invented by Galuard-Latour, actuated by steam. The highest audible notes thus produced had 72,000 vibrations per minute.

Sir William Thomson, in an address recently delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, maintained that the atoms or molecules of ordinary matter measured approximately between the one-hundred-millionth and the one hundredth-millionth of a centimetre in diameter.

The Director of an ultramarine works in Germany reports that during forty years none of his workmen have been affected with pulmonary consumption. This immunity is ascribed to the sulphur fumes pervading the works. This observation, if correct, tends to support the "germ theory" of the origin of phthisis.

Mr. G. Otto, of Darmstadt, has brought out what he calls a new combination of phosphorus and copper. Mr. Otto traces the beneficial influence of phosphorus in producing homogeneity in copper castings to the expulsion of the carbonic acid from the metal, and to its preventing the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere.

Another Process of impregnating wood for its preservation has been patented in Germany. It consists of first treating the wood with a solution of zinc vitriol, and then with a solution of chloride of calcium, so that the preservative coating is formed upon the wood by the chemical action of both substances upon one another.

A Water-proof Paint for stone, etc., is prepared by fusing equal parts of aluminum palmitate and colophony, or mixing aluminum palmitate with wax and dissolving in caustic soda and water. A solution resembling soap is formed, which can be used with advantage for wall-painting and the like. After the paint is dry it is washed with a weak solution of aluminum sulphate to render it insoluble.

M. Nobel has introduced a new explosive, named by him "dynamite gomme," or "gomme-explosive." It is formed of ninety-three or ninety-four per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and of six or seven per cent. of soluble gun-cotton. By some artifice in the manufacture the intimate mixture of these two substances give either a gelatinous mass or an explosive completely solidified. This gum explodes simply by contact with a flame.

Mr. J. E. Dowson, of Westminster, London, England, has received a United States patent for an apparatus for the manufacture of gas. This invention relates to the manufacture and treatment of coal-luminous heating gas made by passing steam and air, or steam only, through incandescent carbonaceous fuel. The improvements chiefly refer to apparatus for making such gas; but the inventor claims that some of them may be also useful for other purposes.

M. Faye has shown that the whirlwinds of dust observed by Prejevalsky in Central Asia, like those of Mexico, India and the Sahara, have the same origin and mechanical action as the tornados of the United States and all waterspouts. They are all alike spiral movements descending with upright axis, and always traveling horizontally in a nearly straight line. The general belief that the dust on land and the water at sea ascend from the surface high into the air is due, M. Faye tells us, to an optical illusion.

Prolonged Anesthesia seems to have been produced by M. Bert very simply indeed. A mask and two caoutchouc bags are all the apparatus necessary. The new method he has tried on animals is to cause anesthesia, first with the pure protoxide and oxygen (when the blood recovers the oxygen necessary to it), and finally the administration of the pure protoxide again. In this way he says he kept a dog insensible half an hour, and both asphyxia and a return to consciousness appear to be obviated while the patient is under the operation.

The Annual Report of the Astronomer Royal, W. E. M. Christie, in charge of the Greenwich Observatory, contains a very interesting statement in regard to the great star Sirius. Mr. Christie reports that spectroscopic observation shows that the rapid movement of the star away from us has ceased and it is now about to approach us. The rate of recession has diminished progressively since 1877, until it has entirely ceased. Observations of the great solar storm of November, 1832, with the spectroscopic showed very remarkable conditions, among them a great displacement of the F line.

A Thirty Years' Investigation of the efficacy of copper as a preventive and curative of cholera. The metal absorbed into the system, he says, acts as an almost perfect prophylactic, the exceptions not being more numerous than in the case of vaccination in defending people from smallpox. Among other precautions he recommends the external application of copper in the metallic form, the burning of dichloride of copper in alcoholic lamps, wine mixed with the natural mineral water of St. Christian, and the use of vegetables rendered green by sulphate of copper.

Death-roll of the Week.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—At Richfield Springs, N. Y., Alexander Campbell, a prominent New York broker, aged 63; at St. Louis, Mo., John M. Krum, formerly Judge and Mayor, aged 73. September 16th.—At Newburyport, Mass., John D. Morse, formerly editor of the Newburyport *Herald* for twenty-one years; at Reading, Pa., A. B. Woods, a leading lawyer, aged 56; at Milford, Pa., Augustus Page, a well-known lawyer and real estate broker of New York, aged 45. September 17th.—At Mount Kisco, N. Y., Dr. Louis F. Pelton, a well-known physician, aged 67. Dr. Sylvester F. Mixer, a leading physician, aged 67; at St. Louis, Mo., David R. Powers, a leading citizen; at Manchester, Mass., Junius Brutus Booth, the actor, aged 62; at Paris, France, Victor Alexander Puleux, the well-known French mathematician, aged 63. September 18th.—At Morrisania, N. Y., John A. Amelung, a well-known member of the New York Produce Exchange, aged 46; at London, England, John Payne Collier, the famous philologist, bibliographer and commentator on Shakespeare, aged 94. September 19th.—At Hartford, Conn., William Faxon, a leading business man, aged 62; at Fort Henry, N. Y., James W. Sheehy, ex-member of the Legislature, aged 45; at Paris, France, M. Antoine Ferdinand Joseph Plateau, the well-known Belgian scientist, aged 82. September 20th.—At Cooperstown, N. Y., Captain W. B. Randolph, of the Revenue Marine Service; at New Orleans, La., Miner Elmore, a rising journalist, aged 25; at Newark, N. J., William J. Taney, editor of Appleton's *Annual Cyclopaedia* since its foundation, aged 72; at Uniontown, Pa., Captain James Humbert, United States Army. September 21st.—At Nashville, Tenn., Judge W. A. Glenn, one of the most prominent citizens of Tennessee.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Spanish Government has issued an order increasing the direct taxes fifty per cent.

—THE peanut crop in Virginia is almost a total failure, the loss being estimated at \$200,000.

DISPATCHES announce the finding of Charlie McComas, the little son of Judge and Mrs. McComas, who were butchered by Indians in Arizona.

—THE Emperor Francis Joseph, desiring to give a new proof of his friendship for King Milan of Serbia, has named an Austrian regiment of infantry after him.

—THE first woman's medical school to be established in Canada will be opened in Toronto, October 1st. Of the nine trustees provided, not less than three may be women.

—M. FERRY says that the Royalist party in France consists of about three thousand nobles, one thousand would-be nobles, thirty bishops, and a few thousand priests, monks, nuns and ascophants.

—THE King of Siam is buying United States trade dollars in China for ninety cents and converting them into Siamese ticals. A trade dollar will make two ticals and each tical is worth in Siam sixty cents.

—COLONEL CLIBBORN, of the Salvation Army, has been expelled from Geneva, Switzerland. Miss Rooth, a member of the Army, has been imprisoned at Neuchâtel for violating the order prohibiting the holding of meetings.

—CANON WILBERFORCE has made a vigorous attack upon the holding by the Established Church in England of its immense properties in public houses—a number of the most prosperous gin-palaces being maintained under its direct administration.

—THE first through freight train from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon, over the Northern Pacific Railroad, started from the former city last week via the Eastern, Albany and Northwestern railroads. It consisted of ten cars laden with canned corn.

—REV. JOHN BUNZER, a colored Baptist of Wyandotte, Kansas, suddenly stopped in his sermon, on a recent Sunday, and placed his face on the open Bible. After some minutes had elapsed, a deacon went to the pulpit and found the clergyman dead.

—THE colored men of Massachusetts held a convention last week, and resolved that the education of the negro in the South was the one great necessity of the South, and that all the rights and franchises to which the black man is entitled would come with education. Meanwhile they urge support for the Republican Party.

—A PITTSBURGH court has decided that railroad companies must insure sleeping-car passengers against theft. The judge charged that since the company offers the facility of sleeping accommodations as an inducement to pay an extra sum, it binds itself to protect its patrons while they are asleep and for the time being helpless.

—THE people of Newburgh, on the Hudson, are preparing for an elaborate celebration, in October, of the centennial of the closing events of the Revolutionary War, including the proclamation of peace, the final disbandment of the American army, and, incidentally, Washington's reply to the famous Newburgh letter, being virtually the rejection of a crown.

—Two Mormon elders, engaged in preaching near Laurel, Ind., recently abducted the young daughter of a man who had entertained them, and baptized her into their Church. She could scarcely be persuaded to return to her family. Over one hundred citizens took the elders to the woods at midnight and coated them with tar and feathers, threatening them with lynching if they did not leave at once.

—THE Governor of Alsace-Lorraine has issued a decree directing that the German language shall be obligatory in the courts of justice and in the Municipal Councils of those provinces. This action is strongly resented by the press and people, who cling fondly to the French tongue, and they consider this act of the Imperial Government towards completely Teutonizing them as coercive in the extreme.

—THE recent message of President Gonzales to the Mexican Congress says that 4,800 kilometers of railroad track have been constructed in the Republic. The revenue of the fiscal year, ended June 30th, 1883, amounted to \$33,500,000, an increase of \$1,500,000 over the previous year. Overland mail communication with the United States will be improved. Public instruction is in a flourishing condition.

—THE most extraordinary divorce suit on record is that brought by Melinda Pape, of Genesee, Wis., twenty-nine years old, who was married recently to William Conlin, under twenty-one years of age, and now asks for a divorce on the ground that she meant to have married his brother, but was deceived, as they were exactly alike. The Conlin whom she wedded is said to be dissolute, while the one she wanted is steady and respectable.

—TRAVELERS in the Alps are threatened by a new and novel danger. As two tourists were recently making the ascent of the Hundstein, in the Canton Appenzell, they were attacked by an eagle, which, after circling round them, tried to swoop down first on one and then on the other. After defending themselves for some time with their alpenstocks, the tourists beat a hasty retreat. It is supposed that the eagle's nest was somewhere in the neighborhood.

—THE members of the Sophomore class at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., recently visited the room of a young man named Collins, of Altoona, to haze him. Collins jumped out of a window to the ground, eighteen feet, fracturing a bone of his foot and receiving other injuries, which will prevent his resuming his studies for some time. The Sophomore class subjected another Freshman to a mock examination. One hazer has been expelled, and the expulsion of others will follow.

—THE authorities in Ireland are endeavoring to put down the practice of holding "wakes," which have contributed largely to the spread of infectious disease, and with fatal results in some instances. At the Athlone Petty Sessions recently a man named Brazil was proceeded against by summonses for permitting a wake to be held in his house, contrary to the provisions of the Public Health Act, the deceased person, his child, having died of scarlatina, from which another child had previously died. It was proved that the defendant had been warned by the police not to hold the wake.

—A DISPATCH from Rome says extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the American Bishops who are to meet at the Vatican in November. There will be a series of reunions, at which Cardinal Simoni will preside, and at which questions concerning the influence of the Catholic Church in America will be discussed. The main object of the meetings will be to adopt measures for the reorganization of the Catholic Church in America according to canonical law, and to bring it into closer communion with the Vatican. Cardinal McCabe will be invited to attend some of the meetings, at which the Irish agitation will be discussed.



LADIES RIDING THE TRICYCLE.



ONE-MILE RACE WITHOUT HANDS.



THE ENCAMPMENT AT NIGHT.



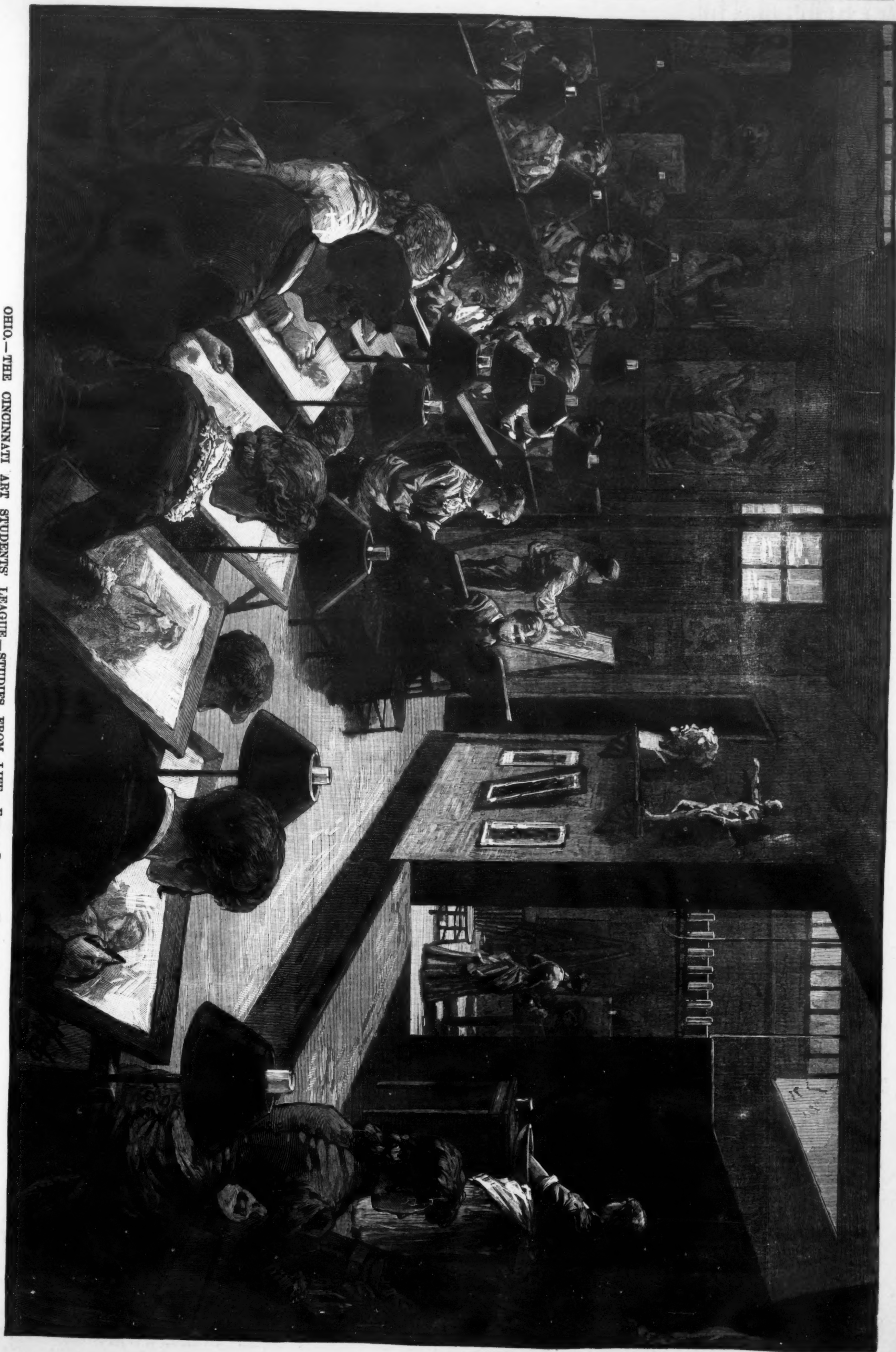
GATEWAY TO PARK.



FAMILY TRICYCLE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT IN HAMPDEN PARK, SPRINGFIELD, SEPT. 18TH-20TH
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPRAM.—SEE PAGE 87.

OHIO.—THE CINCINNATI ART STUDENTS LEAGUE—STUDIES FROM LIFE.—FROM A SKETCH BY EVANS.—SEE PAGE 87.



HAND AND RING.

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By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—STRANGE WORDS.

"The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try."

—Measure for Measure.

"MR. ORCUTT dead?"—"Dying, sir."—"How, when, where?"—"In his own house, sir. He has been struck down by a falling limb."

The District-attorney, who had been roused from his bed to hear these evil tidings, looked at the perturbed face of the messenger before him—who was none other than Mr. Byrd—and with difficulty restrained his emotion.

"I sympathize with your horror and surprise," exclaimed the detective, respectfully. Then, with a sudden change of voice, added, with a strange mixture of embarrassment and agitation: "It is considered absolutely necessary that you come to the house. He may yet speak—and—and—you will find Miss Dare there," he concluded, with a peculiarly hesitating glance and a rapid movement towards the door.

Mr. Ferris, who, as we know, cherished a strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Orcutt, stared uneasily at the departing form of the detective.

"What do you say?" he murmured. "Miss Dare there. In Mr. Orcutt's house?"

The short "Yes," and the celerity with which Mr. Byrd vanished had the appearance of one anxious to escape further inquiries.

Astonished, as well as greatly distressed, the District-attorney made speedy preparations for following him, and soon was in the street. He found it all alive with eager citizens, who, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were rushing hither and thither in search of particulars concerning this sudden calamity, and upon reaching the house itself, found it well-nigh surrounded by an agitated throng of neighbors and friends.

Simply pausing at the gate to cast one glance at the tree and its fallen limb, he made his way to the front door. It was immediately opened. Dr. Tredwell, whose face it was a shock to encounter in this place, stood before him, and further back a group of such favored friends as had been allowed to enter the house. Something in the look of the coroner as he silently reached forth his hand in salutation added to the mysterious impression which had been made upon Mr. Ferris by the manner, if not words, of Mr. Byrd. Feeling that he was losing his self-command, he grasped the hand that was held out to him and huskily inquired if Mr. Orcutt was still alive.

The coroner, who had been standing before him with a troubled brow and lowered eyes, gravely bowed, and, quietly leading the way, ushered him forward to Mr. Orcutt's bedroom door. There he paused and looked as if he would like to speak, but, hastily changing his mind, opened the door and motioned the District-attorney in. As he did so, he cast a meaning and solemn look towards the bed, then drew back, watching with evident anxiety what the effect of the scene before him would have upon this new witness.

A stupefying one it seemed, for Mr. Ferris, pausing in his approach, looked at the cluster of persons about the bed, and then drew his hand across his eyes like a man in a maze. Suddenly he turned upon Dr. Tredwell with the same strange look he had himself seen in the eyes of Byrd, and said, almost as if the words were forced from his lips:

"This is no new sight to us, doctor; we have been spectators of a scene like this before."

That was it. As nearly as the alteration in circumstances and surroundings would allow, the spectacle before him was the same as that which he had encountered months before in a small cottage at the other end of the town. On the bed a pallid, senseless, but slowly breathing form, whose features, stamped with the approach of death, stared at them with marble-like rigidity from beneath the heavy bandages which proclaimed the injury to have been one to the head. At his side the doctor—the same one who had been called in to attend Mrs. Clemmens—wearing, as he did then, a look of sombre anticipation which Mr. Ferris expected every instant to see culminate in the solemn gesture he had used at the widow's bedside before she spoke. Even the group of women who clustered about the foot of the couch wore much the same expression as those who waited for movement on the part of Mrs. Clemmens; and had it not been for the sight of Imogene Dare sitting immovable and watchful on the further side of the bed, he might almost have imagined he was transported back to the old scene, and that all the horror of its being Mr. Orcutt whose death he had come to witness, was a dream from which he would speedily be awakened.

But Imogene's face, her look, her air of patient waiting, were not to be mistaken. Attention once really attracted to her, it was not possible for it to wander elsewhere. Even the face of the dying man and the countenance of the watchful physician paled in interest before that fixed look which, never wavering, never altering, studied the marble visage before her, for the first faint signs of reawakening consciousness. Even his sister who, if weak of mind, was most certainly of a loving disposition, seemed to feel the force of the tie that bound Imogene to that pillow, and, though she hovered nearer and nearer the beloved form as the weariful moments sped by, did not

presume to interpose her grief or her assistance between the burning eye of Imogene and the immovable form of her stricken brother. Yet the woman to whom she thus gave precedence in this awful hour was, according to her own story, stained by a crime too dreadful for contemplation.

The hush that lay upon the room was unbroken save by the agitated breaths of all present.

"Is there no hope?" whispered Mr. Ferris to Dr. Tredwell, as, seeing no immediate prospect of change, they sought for seats at the other side of the room.

"No; the wound is strangely like that which Mrs. Clemmens received. He will rouse, probably, but he will not live. Our only comfort is that in this case it is not a murder."

The District-attorney made a gesture in the direction of Imogene.

"How came she to be here?" he asked.

Dr. Tredwell rose and drew him from the room.

"It needs some explanation," he said; and began to relate to him how Mr. Orcutt was escorting Miss Dare to the gate when the bough fell which seemed likely to rob him of his life.

Mr. Ferris, through whose mind those old words of the widow were running in a way that could only be accounted for by the memories which the scene within had awakened—"May the vengeance of Heaven light upon the head of him who has brought me to this pass! May the fate that has come upon me be visited upon him, measure for measure, blow for blow, death for death!"—turned with impressive gravity and asked if Miss Dare had not been hurt.

But Dr. Tredwell shook his head.

"She is not even bruised," said he.

"And yet was on his arm?"

"Possibly, though I very much doubt it."

"She was standing at his side," uttered the quiet voice of Mr. Byrd in their ear; "and disappeared when he did under the falling branch. She must have been bruised, though she says not. I do not think she is in a condition to feel her injuries."

"You were present, then," observed Mr. Ferris, with a meaning glance at the detective.

"I was present," he returned, with a look the District-attorney did not find it difficult to understand.

"Is there anything you ought to tell me?" Mr. Ferris inquired, when a moment or so later the coroner had been drawn away by a friend.

"I do not know," said Byrd. "Of the conversation that passed between Miss Dare and Mr. Orcutt, but a short portion came to our ears. It is her manner, her actions, that have astonished us, and made us anxious to have you upon the spot." And he told with what an expression of fear she had fled from her interview with Mr. Orcutt in the library, and then gave, as nearly as he could, an account of what had passed between them before the falling of the fatal limb. Finally he said: "Hickory and I expected to find her lying crushed and bleeding beneath, but instead of that, no sooner was the bough lifted than she sprang to her knees, and seeing Mr. Orcutt lying before her insensible, bent over him with that same expression of breathless awe and expectation which you see in her now. It looks as if she were waiting for him to rouse and finish the sentence that was cut short by this catastrophe."

"And what was that sentence?"

"As near as I can recollect, it was this: 'If any man suffers for this crime, it shall not be Craik Mansell, but—' He did not have time to say whom."

"My poor friend!" ejaculated Mr. Ferris; "cut down in the exercise of his duties! It is a mysterious providence—a very mysterious providence!" And, crossing again to the sick-room, he went sadly in.

He found the aspect unchanged. On the pillow the same white, immovable face; at the bedside the same constant and expectant watchers. Imogene especially seemed scarcely to have made a move in all the time of his absence. Like a marble image watching over a form of clay she sat, silent, breathless, intent—a sight to draw all eyes and satisfy none; for her look was not one of grief, nor of awe, nor of hope, yet it had that within it which made her presence there seem a matter of right even to those who did not know the exact character of the bond which united her to the unhappy sufferer.

Mr. Ferris, who had been only too ready to accept Mr. Byrd's explanation of her conduct, allowed himself to gaze at her unhindered.

Overwhelmed, as he was, by the calamity which promised to rob the Bar of one of its most distinguished advocates, and himself of a long-trying friend, he could not but feel the throbs of those deep interests which, in the estimation of this woman at least, hung upon a word which those dying lips might utter. And, swayed by this feeling, he unconsciously became a third watcher, though for what, and in hope of what, he could scarcely have told, so much was he benumbed by the suddenness of this great catastrophe, and the extraordinary circumstances by which it was surrounded.

And so one o'clock came and passed.

It was not the last time the clock struck before a change came. The hour of two went by, then three, and still, to the casual eye, all remained the same. But, ere the stroke of four was heard, Mr. Ferris, who had relaxed his survey of Imogene to bestow a fuller attention upon his friend, felt an indefinable sensation of dismay assail him, and, rising to his feet, drew a step or so nearer the bed and looked at its silent occupant with the air of a man who would fain shut his eyes to the meaning of what he sees before him. At the same moment Mr. Byrd, who had just come in, found himself attracted by the subtle difference he observed in the expression of Miss Dare. The expectancy in her look was gone,

and its entire expression was that of awe. Advancing to the side of Mr. Ferris, he glanced down at the dying lawyer. He at once saw what it was that had so attracted and moved the District-attorney. A change had come over Mr. Orcutt's face. Though rigid still, and unrelieved by any signs of returning consciousness, it was no longer that of the man they knew, but a strange face, owning the same features, but distinguished now by a look sinister as it was unaccustomed, filling the breasts of those who saw it with dismay, and making any contemplation of his countenance more than painful to those who loved him. Nor did it decrease as they watched him. Like that charmed writing which appears on a blank paper when it is subjected to the heat, the subtle, unmistakable lines came out, moment by moment, on the mask of his unconscious face, till even Imogene trembled, and turned an appealing glance upon Mr. Ferris as if to bid him note this involuntary evidence of nature against the purity and good intentions of the man who had always stood so high in the world's regard. Then, satisfied, perhaps, with the expression she encountered on the face of the District-attorney, looked back; and the heavy minutes went on, only more drearily and, perhaps, more fearfully than before.

Suddenly—was it at a gesture of the physician, or a look from Imogene?—a thrill of expectation passed through the room, and Dr. Tredwell, Mr. Ferris, and a certain other gentleman who had but just entered at a remote corner of the apartment, came hurriedly forward and stood at the foot of the bed. At the same instant Imogene rose, and, motioning them a trifle aside, with an air of mingled entreaty and command, bent slowly down towards the injured man. A look of recognition answered her from the face upon the pillow, but she did not wait to meet it, nor pause for the word that evidently trembled on his momentarily conscious lip. Shutting out with her form the group of anxious watchers behind her, she threw all her soul into the regard with which she held him enchained; then, slowly, solemnly, but with unyielding determination, uttered these words, which no one there could know were but a repetition of a question made a few eventful hours ago, "If Craik Mansell is not the man who killed Mrs. Clemmens, do you, Mr. Orcutt, tell us who is?" and, pausing, remained with her gaze fixed demanding on that of the lawyer, undeterred by the smothered exclamations of those who witnessed this scene, and missed its clew or found it only in the supposition that this last great shock had unsettled this woman's mind.

The panting sufferer, just trembling on the verge of life, thrilled all down his once alert and nervous frame; then, searching her face for one sign of relenting, unclosed his rigid lips and said, with emphasis:

"Has not Fate spoken?"

Instantly Imogene sprang erect, and amid the stifled shrieks of the women and the muttered exclamations of the men, pointed at the recumbent figure before them, saying:

"You hear! Tremont Orcutt declares upon his death-bed that it is the voice of Heaven which has spoken in this dreadful calamity. You who were present when Mrs. Clemmens breathed her imprecations on the head of her murderer, must know what that means."

Mr. Ferris, who of all present, perhaps, possessed the greatest regard for the lawyer, gave an ejaculation of dismay at this, and bounding forward, lifted her away from the bedside he believed her to have basely deserted.

"Madwoman," he cried, "where will your ravings end? He will tell no such tale to me."

But when he bent above the lawyer with the question forced from him by Miss Dare's words, he found him already lapsed into that strange insensibility which was every moment showing itself more and more to be but the precursor of death.

The sight seemed to rob Mr. Ferris of his last grain of self-command. Rising, he confronted the dazed faces of those about him with a severe look.

"This charge," said he, "is akin to that which Miss Dare made against herself in the court yesterday morning. When a woman has become crazed she no longer knows what she says."

But Imogene, strong in the belief that the hand of Heaven had pointed out the culprit for whom they had so long been searching, shook her head in quiet denial, and simply saying, "None of you know this man as I do," moved quietly aside to a dim corner, where she sat down in calm expectation of another awakening on the part of the dying lawyer.

It came soon—came before Mr. Ferris had recovered himself, or Dr. Tredwell had had a chance to give any utterance to the emotions which this scene was calculated to awaken.

Rousing as the widow had done, but seeming to see no one, not even the physician who bent close at his side, Mr. Orcutt lifted his voice again, this time in the old stentorian tones which he used in court, and clearly, firmly exclaimed:

"Blood will have blood!" Then in lower and more familiar accents, cried: "Ah, Imogene, Imogene, it was all for you!" And with her name on his lips, the great lawyer closed his eyes again and sank for the last time into his old state of insensibility.

Imogene at once rose.

"I must go," she murmured; "my duty in this place is done." And she attempted to cross the floor.

But the purpose which had sustained her being at an end, she felt the full weight of the moment crush upon her, and looking in the faces about her, and seeing nothing there but reprobation, she tottered and would have fallen, had not a certain portly gentleman who stood near by put forth his arm to sustain her. Accepting the support with gratitude, but scarcely pausing to note from what

source it came, she turned for an instant to Mr. Ferris.

"I realize," said she, "with what surprise you must have heard the revelation which has just come from Mr. Orcutt's lips. It is so great, you cannot believe it yet, but the time will come when, of all the words I have spoken, these alone will be found worthy your full credit, that not Craik Mansell, not Gouverneur Hildreth, not even unhappy Imogene Dare herself, could tell you so much of the real cause and manner of Mrs. Clemmens's death as this man who lies stricken here a victim of Divine justice."

And merely stopping to cast one final look in the direction of the bed, she stumbled from the room. A few minutes later and she reached the front door; but only to fall against the lintel with the moan:

"My words are true, but who will ever believe them?"

"Pardon me," exclaimed a bland and fatherly voice over her shoulder, "I am a man who can believe in anything. Put your confidence in me, Miss Dare, and we will see—we will see."

Startled by her surprise into new life, she gave one glance at the gentleman who had followed her to the door. It was the same who had offered her his arm, and whom she supposed to have remained behind her in Mr. Orcutt's room. She saw before her a large, comfortable-looking personage of middle age, of no great pretensions to elegance or culture, but bearing that within his face which oddly enough baffled her understanding while it encouraged her trust. This was the more peculiar in that he was not looking at her, but stood with his eyes fixed on the fading light of the hall lamp, which he surveyed with an expression of concern almost amounting to pity.

"Sir, who are you?" she tremblingly asked. Dropping his eyes from the lamp, he riveted them upon the veil she held tightly clasped in her right hand.

"If you will allow me the liberty of whispering in your ear, I will soon tell you," said he. She bent her weary head downwards; he at once leaned towards her and murmured a half dozen words that made her instantly start erect with new light in her eyes.

"And you will help me?" she cried.

"What else am I here for?" he answered.

And, turning towards a quiet figure which she now saw for the first time standing on the threshold of a small room near by, he said with the calmness of a master:

"Hickory, see that no one enters or leaves the sick-room till I return." And offering Imogene his arm, he conducted her into the library, the door of which he shut to behind them.

CHAPTER XL.—MR. GRUCE.

"What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest." —Macbeth.

AN hour later, as Mr. Ferris was leaving the house in company with Dr. Tredwell, he felt himself stopped by a slight touch on his arm. Turning about, he saw Hickory.

"Peg pardon, sirs," said the detective, with a short bow, "but there's a gentleman in the library who would like to see you before you go."

They at once turned to the room indicated. But at sight of its well-known features—its huge cases of books, its large centre-table profusely littered with papers, the burnt-out grate, the empty armchair—they paused, and it was with difficulty they could recover themselves sufficiently to enter. When they did, their first glance was towards the gentleman they saw standing in a distant window, apparently perusing a book.

"Who is it?" inquired Mr. Ferris of his companion.

"I cannot imagine," returned the other.

Hearing voices the gentleman advanced.

"Ah," said he, "allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Gryce, of the New York Detective Service."

"Mr. Gryce!" repeated the District-attorney, in astonishment.

The famous detective bowed. "I have come," said he, "upon a summons received by me in Utica not six hours ago. It was sent by a subordinate of mine interested in the trial now going on before the court. Horace Byrd is his name. I hope he is well liked here and has your confidence?"

"Mr. Byrd is well enough liked," rejoined Mr. Ferris, "but I gave him no orders to send for you. At what hour was the telegram dated?"

"At half-past eleven; immediately after the accident to Mr. Orcutt."

"I see."

"He probably felt himself inadequate to meet this new emergency. He is a young man, and the affair is certainly a complicated one."

The District-attorney, who had been studying the countenance of the able detective before him, bowed courteously.

"I am not displeased to see you," said he.

"If you have been in the room above—"

The other gravely bowed.

"You know probably of the outrageous accusation which has just been made against our best lawyer and most esteemed citizen. It is but one of many which this same woman has made, and, while it is to be regarded as the ravings of lunacy, still your character and ability may weigh much in lifting the opprobrium which any such accusation, however unfounded, is calculated to throw around the memory of my dying friend."

"Sir," returned Mr. Gryce, shifting his gaze uneasily from one small object to another in that dismal room, till all and every article it contained seemed to partake of his mysterious confidence, "this is a world of disappointment and deceit. Intellectuals we admired, hearts in which we trusted, sometimes turn out to be the abodes of falsehood and violence. It is dreadful, but it is true."

Mr. Ferris, struck aghast, looked at the detective with severe disapprobation.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that you have allowed yourself to give any credence to the delirious utterances of a man suffering from a wound on the head, or to the frantic words of a woman who has already abused the ears of the court by a deliberate perjury?"

While Dr. Tredwell, equally indignant and even more impatient, rapped with his knuckles on the table, by which he stood and cried:

"Pooh, pooh, the man cannot be such a fool."

A solemn smile crossed the features of the detective.

"Many persons have listened to the aspersions you denounce. Active measures will be needed to prevent its going further."

"I have commanded silence," said Dr. Tredwell. "Respect for Mr. Orcutt will cause my wishes to be obeyed."

"Does Mr. Orcutt enjoy the universal respect of the town?"

"He does," was the stern reply.

"It behooves us, then," said Mr. Gryce, "to clear his memory from every doubt by a strict inquiry into his relations with the murdered woman."

"They are known," returned Mr. Ferris, with grim reserve. "They were such as any man might have with the woman at whose house he finds it convenient to take his daily dinner. She was to him the provider of a good meal."

Mr. Gryce's eye traveled slowly towards Mr. Ferris's shirt stud.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do you forget that Mr. Orcutt was on the scene of murder some minutes before the rest of you arrived? Let the attention of people once be directed towards him as a suspicious party and they will be likely to remember this fact."

Astounded, both men drew back. "What do you mean by that remark?" they asked.

"I mean," said Mr. Gryce, "that Mr. Orcutt's visit to Mrs. Clemmens's house on the morning of the murder will be apt to be recalled by persons of a suspicious tendency as having given him an opportunity to commit the crime."

"People are not such fools," cried Dr. Tredwell.

While Mr. Ferris, in a tone of mingled incredulity and anger, exclaimed:

"And do you, a reputable detective, and, as I have been told, a man of excellent judgment, presume to say that there could be found any one in this town, or even in this country, who could let his suspicions carry him so far as to hint that Mr. Orcutt struck this woman with his own hand in the minute or two that elapsed between his going into her house and his coming out again with tidings of her death?"

"Those who remember that he had been a participator in the lengthy discussion which had just taken place on the court-house steps as to how a man might commit a crime without laying himself open to the risk of detection, might—yes, sir."

Mr. Ferris and the coroner, who, whatever doubts or fears may have been raised by the dying words of Mr. Orcutt, had never for an instant seriously believed them to be those of confession, gazed in consternation at the detective, and finally inquired:

"Do you realize what you are saying?"

Mr. Gryce drew a deep breath, and shifted his gaze to the next stud in Mr. Ferris's shirt-front.

"I have never been accused of speaking lightly," he remarked. Then, with quiet insistence, asked: "Where was Mrs. Clemmens believed to get the money she lived on?"

"It is not known," rejoined the District attorney.

"Yet she left a nice little sum behind her?"

"Five thousand dollars," declared the coroner.

"Strange that, in a town like this, no one should know where it came from?" suggested the detective.

The two gentlemen were silent.

"It was a good deal to come from Mr. Orcutt in payment of a single meal a day?" continued Mr. Gryce.

"No one has ever supposed it did come from Mr. Orcutt," remarked Mr. Ferris, with some severity.

"But does any one know it did not?" ventured the detective.

Dr. Tredwell and the District attorney looked at each other, but did not reply.

"Gentlemen," pursued Mr. Gryce, after a moment of quiet waiting, "this is without exception the most serious moment of my life. Never in the course of my experience—and that includes much—have I been placed in a more trying position than now. To allow one's self to doubt, much less to question, the integrity of so eminent a man, seems to me only less dreadful than it does to you; yet, for all that, were I his friend, as I certainly am his admirer, I would say, 'Sift this matter to the bottom; let us know if this great lawyer has any more in favor of his innocence than the other gentlemen who have been publicly accused of this crime.'"

"But," protested Dr. Tredwell, seeing that the District attorney was too much moved to speak, "you forget the evidences which underlay the accusation of these other gentlemen; also, that of all the persons who, from the day the widow was struck till now, have been in any way associated with suspicion, Mr. Orcutt is the only one who could have had no earthly motive for injuring this humble woman even if he were all he would have to be to first perform such a brutal deed and then carry out his hypocrisy to the point of using his skill as a criminal lawyer to defend another man falsely accused of the crime."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the detective, "but I forget nothing. I only bring to the consideration of this subject a totally unprejudiced mind and an experience which has

taught me never to omit testing the truth of a charge because it seems at first blush false, preposterous and without visible foundation. If you will recall the conversation to which I have just alluded as having been held on the court-house steps on the morning Mrs. Clemmens was murdered, you will remember that it was the intellectual crime that was discussed—the crime of an intelligent man, safe in the knowledge that his motive for doing such a deed was a secret to the world."

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Ferris, under his breath, "the man seems to be in earnest!"

"Gentlemen," pursued Mr. Gryce, with more dignity than he had hitherto seen fit to assume, "it is not my usual practice to express myself as openly as I have done here. In all ordinary cases I consider it my duty to reserve intact my suspicions. My doubts till I have completed my inquiries and arranged my arguments. Whatever statement I make, I make to make. But the extraordinary circumstances of this affair and the fact that so many were present at the scene we have just left have caused me to change my usual tactics. Though far from ready to say that Mr. Orcutt's words were those of confession, I still see much reason to doubt his innocence, and, feeling thus, am quite willing you should know it in time to prepare for the worst."

"Then you propose making public what has occurred here?" asked Mr. Ferris, with emotion.

"Not so," was the detective's ready reply. "On the contrary, I was about to suggest that you did something more than lay a command of silence upon those who were present."

The District attorney, who, as he afterwards said, felt as if he were laboring under some oppressive nightmare, turned to the coroner and said:

"Dr. Tredwell, what do you advise me to do? Terrible as this shock has been, and serious as is the duty it possibly involves, I have never allowed myself to shrink from doing what was right simply because it afforded suffering to myself or indignity to my friends. Do you think I am called upon to pursue this matter?"

The coroner, troubled, anxious and nearly as much overwhelmed as the District attorney, did not immediately reply. Indeed, the situation was one to upset any man of whatever calibre. Finally he turned to Mr. Gryce.

"Mr. Gryce," said he, "we are, as you have observed, friends of the dying man, and, being so, may miss our duty in our sympathy. What do you think ought to be done, in justice to him, the prisoner and the positions which we both occupy?"

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr. Gryce, "it is not usual, perhaps, for a man in my position to offer actual advice to gentlemen in yours; but if you wish to know what course I should pursue if I were in your places, I should say: First, require the witnesses still lingering around the dying man to promise that they will not divulge what was there said till a week has fully elapsed; next, adjourn the case now before the court for the same decent length of time, and, lastly, trust me and the two men you have hitherto employed to find out if there is anything in Mr. Orcutt's past history of a nature to make you tremble if the world hears of the words which escaped him on his death-bed. We shall probably need but a week."

"And Miss Dare?"

"Has already promised secrecy."

There was nothing in all this to alarm their fears; everything, on the contrary, to allay them.

The coroner gave a nod of approval to Mr. Ferris, and both signified their acquiescence in the measures proposed.

Mr. Gryce at once assumed his usual genial air.

"You may trust me," said he, "to exercise all the discretion you would yourselves show under the circumstances. I have no wish to see the name of such a man blasted by an ineffaceable stain." And he bowed as if about to leave the room.

But Mr. Ferris, who, with an air of some uneasiness, had observed this movement, suddenly stepped forward and stopped him.

"I wish to ask," said he, "whether superstition has had anything to do with this readiness on your part to impute the worst meaning to the chance phrases which have fallen from the lips of our severely injured friend? Because his end seems in some regards to mirror that of the widow, have you allowed a remembrance of the words she made use of in the face of death to influence your good judgment as to the identity of Mr. Orcutt with her assassin?"

The face of Mr. Gryce assumed its grimmest aspect.

"Do you think this catastrophe was necessary to draw my attention to Mr. Orcutt? To a man acquainted with the extraordinary coincidence that marked the discovery of Mrs. Clemmens's murder, the mystery must be that Mr. Orcutt has gone unsuspected for so long."

And assuming an argumentative air, he asked: "Were either of you two gentlemen present at the conversation I have mentioned as taking place on the court-house steps the morning Mrs. Clemmens was murdered?"

"I was," said the District attorney.

"You remember, then, the hunchback who was so free with his views?"

"Most certainly."

"And know, perhaps, who that hunchback was?"

"Yes."

"You will not be surprised then, if I recall to you the special incidents of that hour. A group of lawyers, among them Mr. Orcutt, are amusing themselves with an off-hand chat concerning criminals and the clumsy way in which, as a rule, they plan and execute their crimes. All seem to agree that a murder is usually followed by detection, when suddenly a stranger speaks and tells them that the true

way to make a success of the crime is to choose a thoroughfare for the scene of tragedy, and employ a weapon that has been picked up on the spot. What happens? Within five minutes after this piece of gratuitous information, or as soon as Mr. Orcutt can find lying street and back, Mrs. Clemmens lies of wood in her blood, struck down by a stone. Is this picked up from her own curious one?"

"I don't deny," never did deny it," quickly retorted the detective. "Am I not right in saying as to lead you into supposing some collusion between the hunchback and the murderer?"

"It certainly did," admitted the coroner. "Very well," proceeded Mr. Gryce. "Now as there could have been no collusion between these parties, the hunchback being no other person than myself, what are we to think of this murder? That it was a coincidence, or an actual result of the hunchback's words?"

Dr. Tredwell and Mr. Ferris were both silent. "Sir," continued Mr. Gryce, feeling, perhaps, that perfect openness was necessary in order to win entire confidence, "I am not given to boasting or to a too free expression of my opinion, but if I had been ignorant of this affair, and one of my men had come to me and said: 'A mysterious murder has just taken place, marked by this extraordinary feature, that it is a precise reproduction of a supposable case of crime which has just been discussed by a group of indifferent persons in the public street,' and then had asked me where to look for the assassin, I should have said: 'Search for that man who heard the discussion through, was among the first to leave the group, and was the first to show himself upon the scene of murder.' To be sure, when Byrd did come to me with this story, I was silent, for the man who fulfilled these conditions was Mr. Orcutt."

"Then," said Mr. Ferris, "you mean to say that you would have suspected Mr. Orcutt of this crime long ago if he had not been a man of such position and eminence?"

"Undoubtedly," was Mr. Gryce's reply.

The expression was unequivocal, his air still more so. Shocked and disturbed, both gentlemen fell back. The detective at once advanced and opened the door.

It was time. Mr. Byrd had been tapping upon it for some minutes, and now hastily came in. His face told the nature of his errand before he spoke.

"I am sorry to be obliged to inform you—" he began.

"Mr. Orcutt is dead?" quickly interposed Mr. Ferris.

The young detective solemnly bowed.

(To be continued.)

Facts of Interest.

THE amounts paid into the United States Treasury as conscience money since 1861 aggregated \$186,459. The largest revenue in any year since 1861 through contributions to the conscience fund was in 1868, when the amount was \$29,155.11. In 1873 the amount was \$23,302.77; in 1878, \$12,011.33; in 1882, only \$7,888.49, and it is estimated that this year it will be still less.

THE price of trade dollars has been gradually advancing since they were swept out of circulation. The rise is due to a demand for them that has come from London for the Chinese trade.

PARIS has twenty-three libraries, which it is proposed to increase in number to forty. More than one-half of all the books read are novels.

SIX ladies, all widows, and all very aged, live within three-quarters of a mile of each other upon a road leading out of New Haven, Conn. Their united ages are 536 years, an average of ninety years. The youngest is seventy-eight and the oldest ninety-eight.

As a sanitary measure, the Paris health authorities have been testing on a limited scale the pneumatic system for rapidly exhausting sewers of their contents. The success of the plan has led to such remarkable results in causing in certain localities a decline in the number of cases of typhoid fever that it will soon be further tested on an extensive scale.

A CONNECTICUT man passed through Laramie the other day, bound for the head waters of the Yellowstone, in Montana, whence he will start for New Orleans in a skiff. The distance from the starting point to destination is over 3,000 miles.

ONE of the most singular sentences ever imposed was by Judge Erekel, of the United States District Court in Missouri, recently. An illiterate prisoner was sentenced to jail until he could learn to read and write, and another offender was sentenced until he could teach the former art. In a little over three weeks the prisoner appeared, able to write a fair letter at dictation, and both men were discharged.

THERE are 200,000 commercial travelers in the United States. They cost their employers, it is estimated, \$600,000,000 a year.

THE once famous tribe of Cherokee Indians is now reduced to about 1,000 persons, and they suffer a steady decrease, which will extinguish them by the middle of the next century.

PATERSON, N. J., boasts of a steam yacht, sixteen feet in length, the motive power being supplied by a boiler improvised from an ordinary ale cask, which has successfully withstood a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch. The vessel is a twin screw propeller, the screws being ten inches in diameter.

THE cholera scare in London has made that city cleaner than it ever was before. Disinfectants have been distributed free of charge, and health officers have penetrated neighborhoods and houses where they never dared tread before.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., known as the Magic City, has had a growth not less remarkable than that of some of the famous Western towns. In 1873 it was a ragged village of 2,500 inhabitants. In that year it was nearly depopulated by a cholera epidemic. An era of railroad building set in in the State, and the intersection of two lines there brought Birmingham's population up to 4,000 in 1880. A census just completed gives the city, in 1883, 11,348 inhabitants. The assessed value of property has increased in three years from \$3,000,000 to \$5,300,000. The growth of the town is due to the development of the iron mines in the vicinity.

THE Liverpool penny edition of "Oliver Twist" has run through 100,000 copies.

ACCORDING to a recent computation, there are 12,179 newspapers and magazines published in this country. Of these 1,227 are daily newspapers and 9,952 weeklies.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN is about to build an observatory at Greystone.

JOHN GUY VASSAR, of Poughkeepsie, has made a gift of \$25,000 more to Vassar College.

MR. JAMES RUGG, of Lowell, the United States Minister to Greece, has gone to the Continent.

DR. MANTZING, the eminent Professor of Jurisprudence to the University of Bonn, was recently killed while climbing the Alps.

EX-GOVERNOR BEDLE, of New Jersey, who recently fell and broke his leg, met with another misfortune last week in the sudden death of his eleven-year-old daughter.

EX-SENATOR DAVID DAVIS has purchased a large tract of land near Fayetteville, N. C., and will spend most of this Fall there, superintending the making of improvements thereon.

HENRY GEORGE has met with a serious misfortune in the loss of a manuscript work of four hundred letter pages on the tariff question. He missed it first after his removal from New York to Brooklyn.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia Ledger, has recently added to his already large and remarkable collection of clocks one that used to be owned by the first Napoleon, and for which Mr. Childs paid \$1,500.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, who has just returned from a Summer visit to his old home in England, preached while there at Hkley, and was able to boast that the churchyard gates were made by him when he was a worker at the forge.

MRS. HANNING, the only surviving sister of Mr. Carlyle, has peremptorily refused to permit the publication of a large collection of her brother's letters which she possesses. Mrs. Hanning has been settled in Canada for about forty years past.

M. COQUELIN, the most prominent of French actors, will make a six-months' tour in the United States next Summer. A company of his own selection will accompany him, many of the members being drawn from the staff of the Comedie Francaise.

THE Duke and Duchess of Teck have left England, and intend to live in retirement in Germany, where they can economize. Their apartments in Kensington Palace have been placed at the disposal of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

A SPURIOUS Duke of Newcastle paid particular attention last Summer to several young ladies at Long Branch, who have only recently discovered that the genuine nobleman is making a tour of the English lake country, and that their admirer was a spurious duke.

DR. THOMAS DWIGHT, of the Harvard Medical School, the successor of Dr. O. W. Holmes in the Chair of Anatomy, was married last week to Miss Mary Isaght, daughter of the late Joseph A. Isaght, in his day one of the most prominent and successful of Boston merchants.

SIR GEORGE BOYER, a distinguished London lawyer, died lately, and his will bequeathed his heart to St. John's Church, in Ormond Street, which he built. It has been placed in a silver casket on the altar. He also provided for the care of his cat during that animal's lifetime.

JOHN BRIGHT has not touched wine or spirits for ten years, and finds his health improved and power of work increased by this abstinence. Froude has taken wine and smoked in moderation all his life. Canon Farrar has been a total abstainer for six years. Wilkie Collins drinks chiefly champagne, and uses tobacco gluttonously.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD has returned for a few days' rest at her home in Evanston, near Chicago, from a notable temperance campaign of three months in Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington Territory, taking in Denver, Col., on her way home. She has organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in thirty-five States and Territories.

DENG TUNG, a Chinese portrait-painter, has been very successful in Chicago, and thirty-two prominent citizens have decorated their homes with really good specimens of his art. Their most conspicuous characteristic is the smoothness of their surface, which looks like water-color, this being a point on which the artist considers himself far superior to his American rivals.

THE Chinese Minister recently celebrated the event of his little daughter's reaching the age of four weeks, according to a Chinese custom, by a dinner served in American style. Covers were laid for twelve, and all of the Chinese Legation in Washington were present and toasted the youthful heroine. Miss Mi Ju is the first Chinese child born in Washington and receives the name of Mi, which means America, as a compliment to the Government.

MR. GLADSTONE has returned to England after a delightful yachting tour, during which he visited Norway and Denmark. At Copenhagen he dined with the royal family, and afterwards entertained them at lunch on his yacht. On the latter occasion the Czar, who was visiting Denmark, toasted Queen Victoria, the King of Denmark drank Mr. Gladstone's health, and Mr. Gladstone drank to the prosperity of Denmark. After the repast Mr. Tennyson entertained the guests by reading extracts from his works.

THE Marquis of Lorne has been given a farewell reception at Toronto, which gave him the chance to flatter the Canadians to their hearts' content. "I am more Canadian than the Canadians themselves," he declared, enthusiastically, and he is sure Canada is destined to become one of the foremost nations of the world. Princess Louise's good by was the declaration that she was not glad to go, as report has had it, and the presentation to the Dominion Gallery of the painting executed by herself and now at the Boston exhibition.

JOHN W. DONALDSON has finished his statue of Pere Marquette, for which he received a commission a year ago from Bela Hubbard, of Detroit. Of course, it is largely an ideal work, but it follows closely all attainable descriptions of the great missionary pioneer. It represents a man nearly six feet tall, about thirty-five years old, well-proportioned and erect, with a massive head and broad shoulders. The face is intellectual and dignified, with a high, full forehead, large kindly eyes, a straight, prominent nose, thin nostrils, a large mouth and a strong, heavy lower jaw and chin. The figure is clad in a long, loose robe, with a girdle at the waist. The right hand holds an open Bible.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the humorist, was recently struck by a railroad train and seriously injured. He had stepped from one train between tracks just as an express went by on the other track, and a passing coach caught the valise which he held in his hand, striking it so suddenly and with such force as to turn him halfway round and throw his back against the side of the moving car, which hurled him forward, rolling him some distance, and inflicting painful and serious wounds, chiefly upon the head. Perfect rest from mental exertion has been enjoined for some weeks, and he is at his home in Ardmore, Pa., with his family, who hope by care and nursing to restore him to his accustomed health.

ODDFELLOWS' PARADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

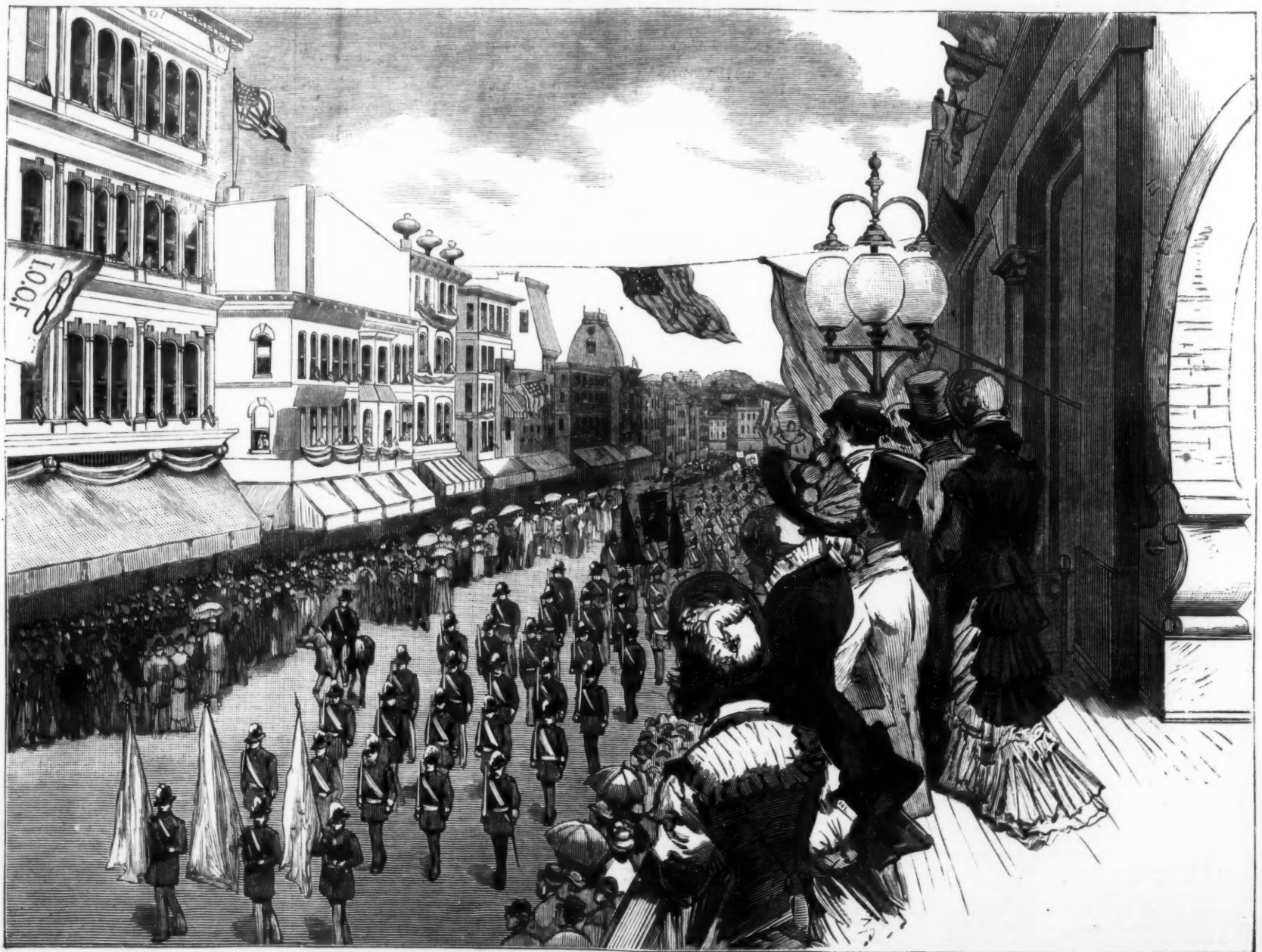
THE Grand Lodge of the United States of Oddfellows and the Canadian Oddfellows held their Fifty-ninth Annual Session at Providence, R. I., on September 17th, with every jurisdiction represented. The report of the Grand Sire showed a larger increase in the Order during the past year than ever before, the present number of grand lodges being 80; grand encampments, 41; subordinate lodges, 7,514; subordinate encampments, 1,864; lodge members, 493,997; encampment members, 83,110; total revenue for the past year, \$5,245,946; total relief, \$1,882,443. The opening day, after addresses of welcome from State and City officials, was devoted to the presentation of the annual reports and other preliminary business. On the afternoon of the second day a grand complimentary parade was tendered the sovereign body by the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, encampments and lodges from all parts of the country joining in the procession. In the first division there were upwards of twenty encampments and a band to each organization, and in the second division, more than forty lodges and half as many bands, a fair estimate of the number of patriarchs and brethren in the column being four to five thousand, in full uniform. The appearance of the procession was, perhaps, the most imposing of any, not intended primarily for spectacular effects, which the city has ever witnessed. Private residences and business houses along the line of march were handsomely decorated, and the streets were thronged with crowds of spectators. The procession was admirably conducted in its military arrangements, and moved with a promptness and regularity very rarely observed in civilian gatherings of such magnitude. The sessions of the Grand Lodge continued through the week, and the meeting was one of the most successful ever held by the Order.



THE COREAN EMBASSY TO THE UNITED STATES.—FROM PHOTOS, BY TABER.—SEE PAGE 86.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE, AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

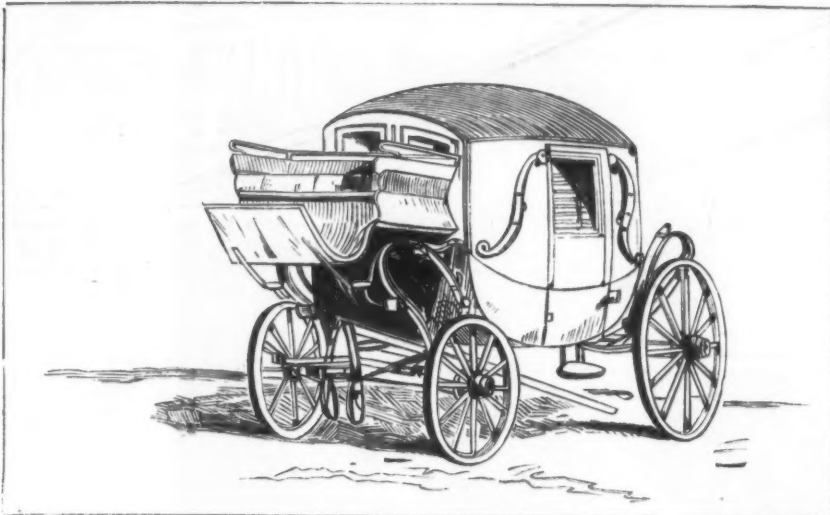
AN event of great interest to the German Lutherans of the country was the recent dedication of the German Lutheran Theological Seminary, known as Concordia College, at St. Louis. The institution dates back to 1839, when it was started in a modest way in Perry County, Mo. Nine years later it was moved to St. Louis, since which time it has grown in prosperity, until it is now the highest institution of learning in the Lutheran Church. The old building having proved inadequate, it was torn down in the summer of 1882, and replaced by an elegant structure, 234 feet in length, with a width reaching to about 100 feet. The central part of the edifice has a frontage of 75 feet, and a depth of 99 feet, while on each side of this is a wing with a frontage of 79 feet and depth of 80 feet. The central part of the building is calculated mainly for recitation rooms and common gathering-places, the three floors being devoted to these purposes. The wings of the building are of the same height and general style as the centre, and are occupied by living-rooms for the students, of which there are eighty in number. The building is situated upon an eminence, rising several feet above the adjacent streets, and the central part of the edifice is surmounted by a tower 140 feet in height, from which extended views of the city, Mississippi River and surrounding country can be obtained. The cost of the building, exclusive of furniture and appointments, has been \$130,000, and this has been raised from collections in the Lutheran congregations of the Synod. The dedication festivities occurred on September 9th and 10th. Excursion trains ran from all directions, and there were 10,000 people present, including clergymen from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Mississippi, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Louisiana. The services were almost entirely in German, and were full of interest to all present.



RHODE ISLAND.—GRAND PARADE OF ODDFELLOWS IN PROVIDENCE, SEPT. 18TH, IN HONOR OF THE SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.

NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR.

THE Annual Fairs of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society have become distinguished among exhibitions of that sort on account of their real agricultural character and the vast extent and variety of their exhibits. This year's exhibition, held at the grounds of the Society, at Waverly, near Newark, was in point of completeness the most successful ever held. The display of blooded cattle, of poultry, of fruit and all kinds of agricultural products, illustrated most strikingly the progress which the State, with its peculiarly advantageous geographical position and great diversity of resources, is making in agricultural and industrial development. Visitors from other States manifested the greatest surprise, especially at the wonderful display of mammoth vegetables, of fruits, and of Jersey cattle, of which there were several herds. The attendance upon the Fair was very large, the number of visitors on the fourth day exceeding 40,000, representing every county and neighborhood in the State. There are few farmers in New Jersey who do not make an annual pilgrimage to Waverly, and the scene on the "big" days are full of picturesque effects. We give a view of the Fair Grounds, which are very finely located, with permanent buildings; and also of one of the historic exhibits.



NEW JERSEY.—THE OLD COACH, EXHIBITED AT THE STATE FAIR LAST WEEK, IN WHICH GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT RODE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Finding the lad to be bright and precocious, the patron turned his attention to literature, and finally sent him to college. He was graduated with high honors, and began the practice of the law in Hudson County. The singular grace and finish of his rhetoric attracted attention, and before many years he had become recognized as one of the foremost lawyers in the State. He was engaged in the successful practice of his profession when he was elevated to the Supreme Court Bench by a Democratic Governor. His discharge of his judicial duties was marked by such conspicuous ability and such marked independence of character, that upon the expiration of his term he was re-appointed by the present Democratic Executive. In the present canvass he will have the support of many Democrats who warmly appreciate his personal worth and his high official integrity.

HON. GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

HON. GEORGE D. ROBINSON, the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is in the prime of life, having been born at Lexington, Mass., on January 20th, 1834. He was brought up on his father's farm, prepared for college at a classical school in Cambridge, and graduated at Harvard in the Class of 1856.

He at once began teaching, and was principal teacher at the Chicopee High School from 1856 to 1865. Having studied law, he was admitted to the Bar, and commenced practice at Chicopee in 1866. In 1873 he was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature, and two years later to the upper branch. He made an excellent record at the State House, and in 1876 he was promoted to a place in the House at Washington.

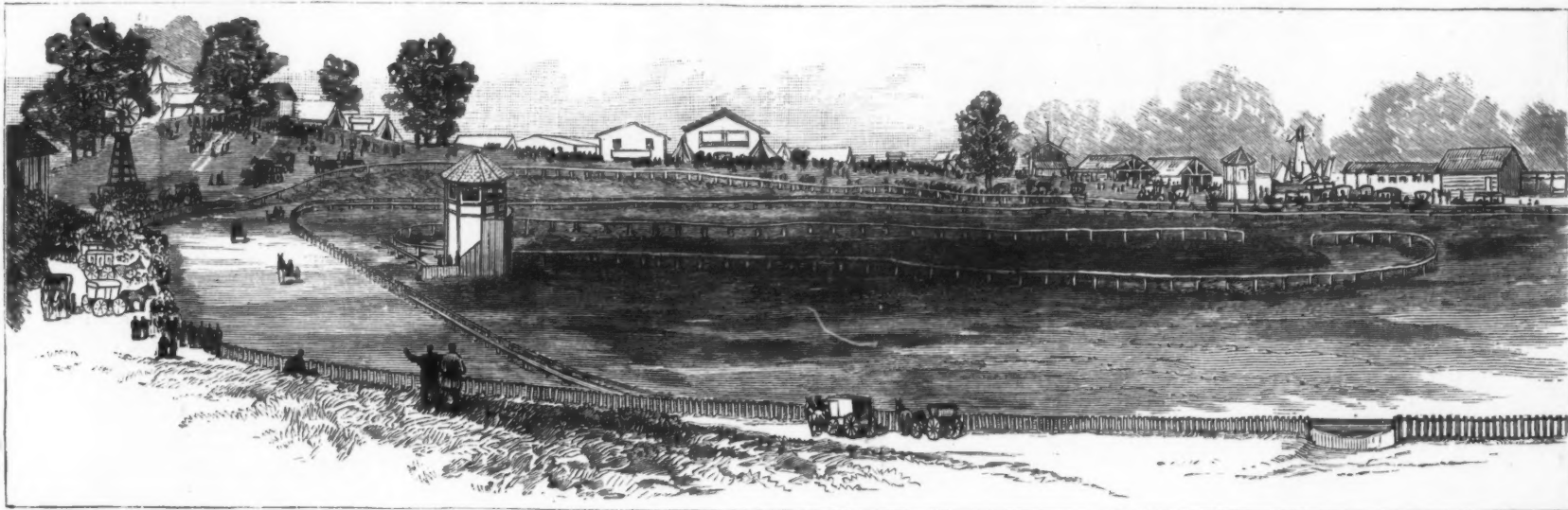
Mr. Robinson has been three times re-elected to Congress, and has steadily grown in influence in the House, having been virtually the leader of the Republican side at the last session. He is very strong in his Congressional district, and many of his constituents were opposed to his promotion to the executive chair, as they desired to retain his services at Washington. When, however, Mr. Henry L. Pierce withdrew his name from the list of candidates for the Republican nomination, there was a general call for Mr. Robinson's selection, and his admirable speech, accepting the nomination, only strengthened the conviction that he would prove the strongest possible opponent of General Butler.



MASSACHUSETTS.—HON. GEORGE D. ROBINSON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

FROM A PHOTO. BY BLACK.

A pipe leading from this liquefying coil connects with another coil in the refrigerator, in which is placed, in zinc pans, the water that is to be frozen. Between the liquefying and refrigerating coils is a cock, which, at the proper moment, is opened, and the ammonia passes through into the refrigerating coil, vaporizing and expanding several hundred volumes, and absorbing heat from everything about it, thus producing intense cold in the refrigerating tank, and turning the water in the zinc pans to ice. After the vapor has done its work in the refrigerating coil it escapes to a pipe leading downward into an



NEW JERSEY.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR GROUNDS AT WAVERLY.

ARTIFICIAL ICE-MAKING.

AN ice-making machine was recently invented by Geo. W. Stockman, of Indianapolis, by which the operation is extremely simple and inexpensive. It is now turning out fifteen tons of ice daily at a cost of less than one dollar a ton, and in larger quantities, the inventor says, it can be produced as low as fifty cents a ton. No skilled labor, with the exception of a man who has sense enough to keep up a fire and take care of an engine and boiler, is required for any place about it. Aqua ammonia of thirty degrees is put into a retort, which is heated, and the vaporized ammonia passes out through a pipe which terminates in a coil. This coil is immersed in a tank of water, the effect of which cooling by the water is to liquefy the ammonia, which then becomes pure, or anhydrous.

absorber containing cold water and terminating in a coil. The vapor having passed through this coil, enters into and unites with the water in the absorber, and at that instant it rapidly parts with the heat it has taken up. This would quickly heat the absorber to a high temperature, and destroy its efficiency, but Mr. Stockman compels the vapor or gas to enter the water at a point close to an outlet pipe connected with a pump which carries the heated water, enriched by the gas, away from the absorber back to the retort, there to enrich the weak liquor and be again vaporized and do its work over and over again. The slabs of ice turned out are eight inches thick by twenty-two inches wide and six feet long, weighing 350 pounds. It is frozen at from ten degrees to fifteen degrees above zero, and pound for pound outlasts natural ice. It is the simplest ice-machine made, and the cheapest, its first cost being twenty-five to thirty per cent.

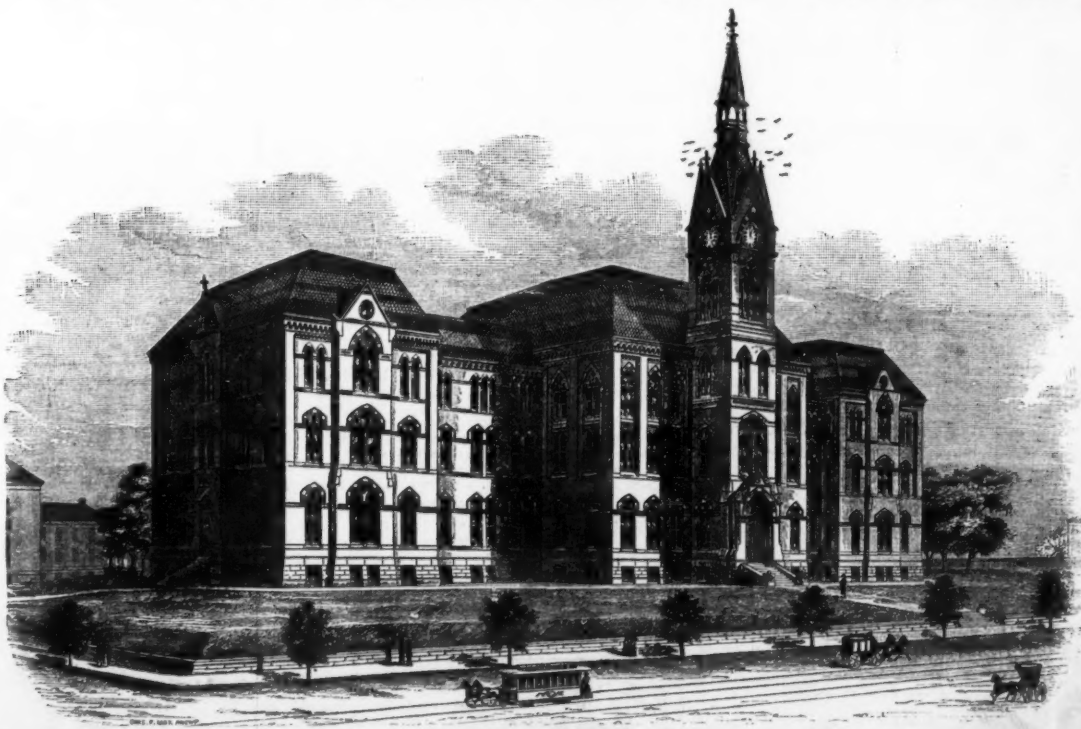


NEW JERSEY.—HON. JONATHAN DIXON, JR., REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. JONATHAN DIXON, JR.,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

HON. JONATHAN DIXON, JR., the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, has been for seven years a Judge of the Supreme Court, and is universally regarded as in some respects the ablest jurist of the State. He was born in Liverpool, England, in 1839, and came to this country, with his parents, when eleven years of age. His parents, who settled in New Brunswick, N. J., were extremely poor, and he was compelled from the first to earn his own livelihood. A lawyer of New Brunswick, who had in his day ranked high at the Bar, but who had been stricken with blindness, engaged young Dixon as his attendant, keeping him continually at his side.



MISSOURI.—THE NEW CONCORDIA COLLEGE BUILDING (GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SEMINARY), ST. LOUIS, DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 9TH-10TH.

less than other machines, and the wear and tear at least one-third less than on others. If all that is claimed for it be true, it actually makes ice so cheap that natural ice cannot possibly compete with it.

The Great Transandine Railway.

THERE are at the present time about 3,000 miles of railway in construction in the Argentine Republic; 10,000 navvies, who are nearly all European emigrants, are employed on these extensive works, and, we are told, in no former period of the history of the country has there been such feverish activity in the building of railways. The Roca Government is carrying out a railway policy which will eventually change the face of the country and give immense development to the trade of the interior provinces. The Government of Buenos Ayres has followed in the wake of the Roca policy, and in this province alone there are over 2,000 kilometres of railway in course of construction.

FUN.

THE most common skylight—A star.

ANGER is a passion which may be red in the face.

YOUNG ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.

THE whipping-post has been abolished, but "the stocks," as a means of punishment, still remain.

JAY GOULD is a self-made man. He raised himself by his own work and the industry of every one he could take advantage of.

It has been said that it costs nothing to say a good word for another, but when one must lie to do it the word seems rather expensive.

THE first American inscription upon the obelisk, now standing in Central Park, New York, will be: "Use Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. Price 25 cents."

WHAT is the difference between a muscular tramp and a newly-cleaned lamp? Only this, one is a well-lubricated tramp and the other is a well-trimmed lamp.

"IS that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no; he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

THE difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

ART NOTE.

MR. GIOVANNI TURINI, who has a studio in Thirtieth Street, and one at Carrara, Italy, is well known to our readers from his bust of the late Frank Leslie, as well as by his "Croquet Player," a drawing of which has appeared in our pages.

This Italo-American sculptor is exceedingly fond of domestic and simple subjects in his ideal works, and he has just placed on exhibition, at Gibson's Art Rooms, Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway, a selection of these plastic creations.

"La Sensazione dell'Acqua" represents a young lady, charmingly attired in bathing dress and coquettish straw hat, putting forth a timid little foot to meet the incoming billow. Her rounded limbs and sweet face are exquisitely modeled, and the pose is exceedingly well chosen and natural.

In "The First Step," and "The Mother's Jewel," Mr. Turini's tenderness and tendency towards domestic sentiment are admirably displayed. A young and lovely mother looks tenderly down on her nestling baby in one, and in the other guides her infant's first faltering essay at walking.

"The Croquet Player," which we have erstwhile described, is also on view, and the quartet make up a charming and most artistic little collection which is well worth a visit.

BEATTY'S ORGANS,

FOR HOLIDAY, BIRTHDAY OR WEDDING PRESENTS.

Nothing can be more appropriate for a holiday, birthday or wedding present than one of Mayor Beatty's fine organs. He offers one of his latest styles, the "Mozart," at greatly reduced prices, and prepays all freight, if ordered within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay, thus securing the instrument at the lowest possible price.

THE BANJO is now a fashionable musical instrument in young society. Send to J. HOWARD FOOTE, 31 Maiden Lane, N. Y., for catalogue of prices and styles of the best make of banjos and other instruments.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.

"I CAN not only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me, for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL Mfg Co., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits!" Established in 1892, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

BE CAREFUL!

THE genuine "ROUGH ON CORNS" is made only by E. S. WELLS (Proprietor of "ROUGH ON RATS"), and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c. and 25c. bottles.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGSTURIA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

REPAIRS TO PLUMBING.

PERSONS contemplating repairs to the drainage of their houses are advised that the DURHAM SYSTEM can be introduced without difficulty into old buildings. It is a permanent protection and adds materially to their value. Send for pamphlet to the DURHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE CO., 187 Broadway.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

STYPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

THE fair Goddess of Fashion points to ARCADIA VELVET as the leading article in this line of goods for the coming season.—Bazar.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN SEASICKNESS.

PROF. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, during an ocean passage. In most of the cases the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

FOR over thirty-six years DR. TORIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhoea and Dysentery, taken internally; and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and Swellings, externally; and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it even if it was \$10 a bottle. Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray St.

Use "Redding's Russia Salve."



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.



HUNT'S REMEDY THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents, and \$1.25 (large size).

WITH

\$5

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Ducal Brunswick Government Bond,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

THREE TIMES ANNUALLY,

Until each and every Bond is drawn.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO

150,000 Reichsmarks,

90,000 "

60,000 "

And bonds not drawing one of the above Prizes must draw a Premium of not less than

60 Marks, as there are

NO BLANKS.

One Reichsmark is equal to about 24 cents Gold.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of November, 1885.

Country order, sent in REGISTERED LETTER enclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing, 1st of November.

For circulars and other information, address the

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., N. Y. City.

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States. N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

MATRIMONIAL Paper, 10c. a copy by mail. Address, EDITOR, THE MIRROR, Wellesley, Mass.

First Prize Medal, C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

399 Broadway, N. Y.

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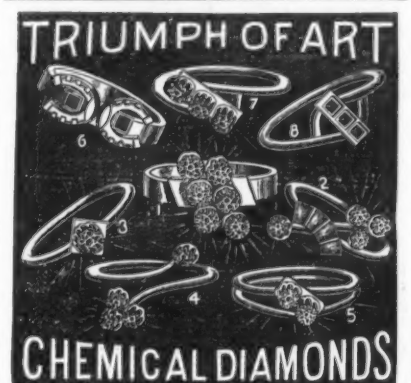
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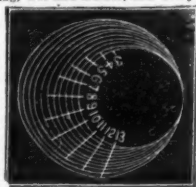


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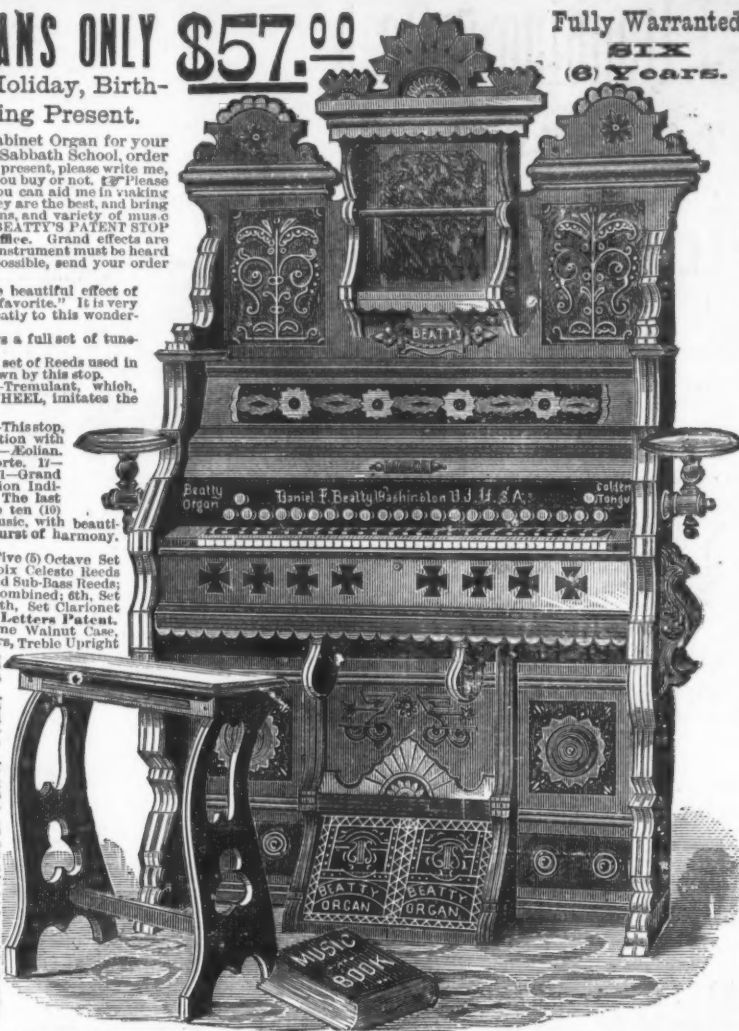
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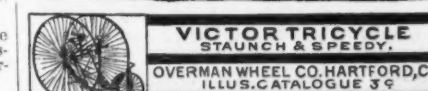
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